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Stories of the youth of
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**FRIENDS
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STORIES OF THE YOUTH OF ARTISTS



GIOTTO'S LAST DAY WITH HIS SHEEP (P. 7)

Stories of
The Youth of Artists

BY
MARY NEWLIN ROBERTS

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Illustrated by
CONSTANCE WHITEMORE



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TO
J. M. N.
and
R. R.

PREFACE

ONCE upon a time a boy sculptor, eager to make his way in the world, was given a commission to make a statue in the Palace Gardens. But the lord who gave him the work scoffingly ordered that it should be fashioned of snow. The boy, though bitter at this belittling of his talent, set to work and by nightfall had moulded so beautiful a design that the duke and his courtiers, who had come to jeer, were spellbound. And the young Michel Angelo found a patron and friend.

Such is the theme of a typical story of the "Youth of Artists," with which this book is concerned. We do not view them as famous men, but as boys who often had to fight their way ahead through poverty, indifference, and misunderstanding. That a boy should prefer to make idle sketches rather than keep to the work in hand was inexcusable; it often led to abuse and blows.

Here are twenty tales, simply told, but calculated to give readers, both young and old, a better idea of the work of some of the greatest figures in art. We see Giotto as a shepherd boy drawing his dream

pictures upon stone, for want of a better medium. Van Dyck, the mischievous lad in his master's studio, undertakes to repair the damage done to a Rubens' canvas, and is caught at it. Guido Reni angers his father by refusing to go on with his music, because he wants to daub. Joshua Reynolds goes with a boy friend to church, but young Reynolds makes a cartoon of the preacher. Rosa Bonheur breaks her needle, says she hates embroidery, and wishes she had been born a boy—and so on.

The vision of struggling genius on its way to the stars is one of perennial interest. That the youth of today may draw inspiration from the problems of the youth of yesterday is an underlying motive of this book.

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GIOTTO'S LAST DAY WITH HIS SHEEP

Giotto di Bondone (1267-1337) was a famous Florentine painter, noted for his frescoes and panels chiefly of religious subjects.



GIOTTO HAD THE YOUNGEST LAMB OF ALL TO CARRY

I

GIOTTO'S LAST DAY WITH HIS SHEEP

UP where the grass was deepest streamed the great white flock of sheep, and after it calling and shouting came the little shepherd.

He had a crook and a dog to help him as every shepherd should, and he had the youngest lamb of all to carry, which made it necessary to move carefully and to tell the sheep in clear ringing tones what he expected of them.

The leader, with a bell at his neck that jangled now soft and now loud with the jerking of his woolly head, knew his business well, and when the shepherd boy called to him to go here or there, to keep on, or to wait, Ginti listened and obeyed with a wise look in his mild eyes.

It is a lonely life to be a shepherd but it is a breezy, free one and even in Italy in the hot month of May the dusty hilltops are freshened by the winds from the Apennine Mountains and the breezes from the sea.

Up and up, and on and on, moved the procession. It was hard work to guide and tend this great flock of patient but willful animals. They ran here and they ran there, scattering and drawing together again, crowding and jostling and very much afraid of being left behind without each other.

Giotto, the shepherd boy, was glad when the hot noon hour came at last and the breeze was lightest, for by then they were up in a fine pasture and the flock fed quietly, cropping and stopping, cropping and stopping with a peaceful regularity. Even the little lambs ceased to frisk, and their mothers seeing them growing sleepy lay down making a narrow shadow with their woolly sides where the little ones slept.

Having handed over his helpless burden to its eager mother, Giotto threw himself upon the ground under a chestnut tree. He tossed his cap off of his moist hair and loosened the red scarf at his throat. He ate his meal of cheese and bread, and drank water from a round, long-necked bottle, and the big dog having had his share withdrew to a remote spot and, head on paws, kept watch with faithful dignity.

The wool of the sheep gleamed white in the field, and above in the sky a flock of clouds moved softly

and then paused, soft and white as the earthly flock beneath.

"Ah, beni!" sighed the little shepherd contentedly. This is the Italian word for good and more than good. He stretched his arms above his head and for one happy moment lay flat on his back and watched the clouds.

He was alone so much that he had thought more than most boys of twelve, more even than most shepherd boys alone as much as he. A few miles back he had talked to young Pietro with his goats and sheep. Pietro had swaggered in his dusty green jacket.

"When thou art still a stupid shepherd I will be a rich man of the town," he had called across the road. "I mean to sell my goats and sheep to any one who will buy the silly creatures."

"What wilt thou do with thy money then, Pietro?" Giotto had asked, his eyes far away.

"Oh, I'll buy better goats and more sheep, and I'll get richer and richer, and then I'll go to Florence and get away from these stupid old fields."

Giotto lying on his back at noon remembered Pietro's words, and turning on his elbow he looked earnestly at the fields. The sheep were grazing with

a slow movement. Giotto liked the way they moved and the long, kind slope of the stupid old fields.

He shut his eyes and thought about it. The whole picture stayed vividly before him. Everything always seemed to shape into a picture in his mind.

"Maybe some day I will enter the big city that lies near my home but that I have never seen . . . maybe," he thought, "I might not always be a shepherd. But my sheep and the fields I will always remember."

It was so very vivid indeed, this picture in his brain, that it seemed to him it would be much better to get it out of his head in some way and so be able to look at it. He sat up abruptly.

Close at his elbow lay a wide, flat, smooth stone, clean as a slate, and on top of it lay another little stone, a triangular piece with a sharp edge.

Giotto began to talk to himself, which is a habit people get into when they are alone a great deal.

"I would that I might make a picture I could look at—a picture of some of all this that I see today—of my sheep as they move—or say of Ginti with his head bent low—just as I see him now—as I see it when I close my eyes . . ."

GIOTTO'S LAST DAY WITH HIS SHEEP

His small brown fingers reached out for the curious pencil of stone—

“Here,” he said, “is the slope of the hill”—and he drew a long, clean, fine line and, funnily enough, that one line had just the look of the field. Giotto laughed joyfully.

“And now, Ginti, here are you closest to me and the leader of my flock. I will make a true picture of you. These others nibbling along after you I will only suggest, just to show they are following you . . . and now and here . . .”

But Giotto by this time had become too busy and interested to talk at all. His hair fell over his eyes and his scarf hung low. He jerked them back impatiently and went to work with more and more eagerness, his queer pencil making a sharp scratch-scratch on the flat stone. The leader's bell rang loud and soft in jerks, the little lambs slept, and Giotto drew with strong, eager strokes.

A narrow, overgrown, grassy path wound through the fields behind the chestnut grove. It came from far away, from other, more remote fields and other groves of trees, and it led downwards to the main highway that in its turn went on to Florence.

It was a well covered path with few stones so that

a mule and his rider coming along slowly made no sound. The rider was lost in thought and the big mule half asleep, but as they came silently out from the shadows of the chestnut trees the mule raised his head and stopped short. He stared at Giotto and his sheep, and flapped one long ear backwards to warn his master that here was something alive.

The rider smiled at the peaceful scene before him and then, noticing the busy fingers of the boy, bent forward in his saddle and watched. A look of surprise and wonderment grew upon his face.

It was a fine face, full of expression and thought, not the face of an idle, wealthy nobleman. Whoever this stranger might be, he had not lived for nothing. His long, skilful hands held the reins steady to keep the mule quiet, while his deep-set eyes fastened themselves on the shepherd's moving fingers with increasing earnestness.

Then all at once the big dog gave a bark and the sheep looked up and stared, all their heads moving as one. The mothers leapt to their feet and the lambs ran under them and began to bleat.

"What now!" cried Giotto angrily.

He had not finished and it was hard to break off before he could do all there was yet to be done. He

had been happy and absorbed and he could not bear to stop. Ginti and the others had ceased to move and crop, and the spell was broken.

Then, feeling a presence back of him, Giotto suddenly remembering his duty as a shepherd, sprang to his feet and wheeled about.

The stranger dismounted from his mule and came forward.

He was richly dressed and full of dignity and of a world unknown to a shepherd boy. Giotto, overcome with shyness, dropped his stone and stooping raised his crook. He also placed himself firmly in front of his picture. He did not want anyone to see, and maybe laugh at, this thing that he had made with such infinite delight and pains.

"Wilt lead my mule to yonder tree and tie him, lad?" asked the stranger in a deep, kind voice. It was a voice, however, that meant to be obeyed and Giotto did at once what he was told, but not without an anxious glance behind as he saw the tall gentleman, tossing back his long, blue cloak, bend with great intentness above his half-completed picture.

The sheep were uneasy and the big dog too, and Giotto wished with all his heart that the unexpected

visitor would cease to study his work upon the stone and ride on.

"Come hither, lad."

Giotto came slowly, twisting his red scarf in a knot and trailing his crook in the dirt.

"Tell me, shepherd," went on the rider, looking only at the stone, "hast drawn often and much?"

"Sometimes in the dust with my toe," answered Giotto guardedly.

"Do you like your sheep?"

"Yes. I look at them all day and everyday, and I see them when I close my eyes."

"And this slope of ground that thou hast given in one line—it too thou hast studied and maybe loved?"

"Aye," said Giotto proudly. "It may seem a stupid old field but I like the way it goes down like that and all the sheep along with it. . . Methinks," he added, "'tis funny to you, Signor, my picture of my sheep, but I meant it only to be looked at by myself."

"Nay," said the stranger shaking his head, "nay, it is not funny. I am the Master Cimabue."

Giotto did not know the name but the world did.

Art was young in Italy in the year 1290, but

Cimabue was its father—the first master in Italian painting—and it was none other than he who had paused to talk with a shepherd boy and to gaze intently on his drawing.

The picture of Ginti was simple: a few brave delicate lines cut in the gray slate. A hard rain would wash it out forever.

“Some day thou wilt know who Cimabue is,” said the Master. “And some day”—he paused and turning himself to the boy beside him looked at him intently for the first time—“some day—Ah I have dreams, great dreams about thee . . . What is thy name?”

“Giotto.”

“Dost wish to be a shepherd always, Giotto?”

Giotto thought a while. It was his way to be careful to say and do exactly what he believed to be true.

“I would only part with my sheep to a good, kind master,” he said at last, his crook held tight and his eyes raised frankly, for his shyness had left him and he was interested now in spite of himself. “As for being an artist I can not very well say for I know not what that may be.”

"Then sit here with me and we will talk. I will tell thee many things, Giotto."

They sat down, then, side by side under the trees. The tall man lay at ease with his splendid blue cloak spread about him, but the shepherd boy sat straight and eager, a dusty little figure in his worn smock and stringy red scarf.

It took the Master a long time to tell Giotto a little of what it means to become an artist. It would mean patience and work and thought, and years of all three. But, somehow, as he began to understand, a glow of something he had never known took hold of the shepherd; he felt that this was the life he wished to follow.

He listened, rapt, with his crook fallen to the ground and his sheep quite forgotten. Now and again he would ask a question and the painter would listen carefully and answer him, and it seemed to Giotto after a while that this grave gentleman was an old friend and the best friend that he had ever known.

The sun was low when they sprang to their feet, and Giotto roused and untied the mule which had fallen into a deep sleep and needed much pulling and prodding.

GIOTTO'S LAST DAY WITH HIS SHEEP

"I will find a new and kind master for thy sheep, Giotto," said Signor Cimabue mounting. "I will see thy father." And turning in his saddle he smiled kindly down at the boy at his stirrup. "Thy days as a shepherd are over."

Giotto watched him go, watched until all he could see was a blue speck far away on the highway to Florence and then only a little cloud of dust. After that he looked long and earnestly at his drawing. Then slowly he turned to gather his wandering flock.

There was action again in the field and the dog was glad.

Giotto took the youngest lamb of all again carefully in his arms. Ginti lead the way wisely and well, and the same procession started home streaming down the long slope of the fields. The big red sun went out of sight behind the blue hills, and the winds from the Apennines had gone back to their cool heights.

It was peaceful and still, but Giotto's heart was stirred and shaken. He could not believe it was the selfsame day. That morning as he had left his home, the low, white-walled cottage in the vineyard, it had seemed a morning like any other, just such

a morning as any shepherd boy nowadays wakes up to find. It was long long ago, but fresh mornings never grow old in the world. Now as he came home at dusk his life was changed and his heart beat fast at the thought.

“To work with the great Signor within the walls of the city!” he said talking aloud so that the lamb looked up into his face. “To learn to be an artist—to draw the pictures I want to draw—Oh, but it will be wonderful!”

He sighed and shook his head.

“But tomorrow and the day after and for so many, many days who will guide my sheep and who else can Ginti understand so well?”

The bell jangled soft and loud as the great flock streamed on contentedly, while the little boy who was some day to be a greater painter than Cimabue himself guided them safely to their fold.

Centuries of sunshine and rain have passed over the fields where the picture was drawn on stone. The stone itself has crumbled and gone. But on the walls of the old churches, a little dim and faded and a little strange because Art was young in Italy when they were done, stand the noble pictures of Giotto painted when he was a man.

GIOTTO'S LAST DAY WITH HIS SHEEP

And in Florence rises a tower, a delicate beautiful tower, a fulfilment of the dreams that Cimabue dreamed about a shepherd boy.

A DAY WITH YOUNG LEONARDO DA VINCI

Leonardo da Vinci (1452-1519) was one of the most versatile of geniuses. He won fame in painting, sculpture, architecture, music and science.



LEONARDO LET HIS LUTE SWING IDLE ON ITS RIBBON

II

A DAY WITH YOUNG LEONARDO DA VINCI

ON a bright morning in the year 1467, young Leonardo da Vinci wound his way slowly in and out the narrow streets and across the wide piazzas of Florence. He played softly on a lute as he went, and sang a tune. Passers-by turned to look and to listen, for not only was the music especially skilful and the voice true and soft, but Leonardo was an unusually handsome youth, tall and well built, with eyes that shone with an eager and arresting light upon the world about him.

Under a shabby archway on one of the narrowest cross-streets a bird-seller shouted out his wares and his prices. Leonardo broke off in his song and let his lute swing idle on its wide ribbon. With a sudden look of decision he strode straight to where the shouting came from, and pointing to a cage where two nightingales sat mournfully silent side by side upon their perch, he named a price that met with instant satisfaction. He drew the coins from his

pocket and flung them down upon the pavement, and promptly seized the cage with long eager fingers.

"You will do well, my handsome young Signor, to buy these," said the dealer with a cringing, crafty smile. "They are beautiful singers and a fine pair of birds."

"Aye," answered the lad with a sharp scorn, "they look a happy pair of birds. Now watch and see a sight too pretty far for thy dull eyes."

He raised the cage far above his head and opened wide the door.

"Fly away," he said softly. "Fly away now, poor souls, and find the gardens and thy friends. Sing again in the trees when the shade is cool or when the moon is bright."

"Wilt keep the cage?" asked the bird-seller sharply.

Leonardo did not answer at first. He stood watching the joyous flight of the two small birds as they flew away over the roofs and towers to where the gardens could be found. Leonardo's face was radiant. When they were out of sight he walked off swinging the cage defiantly.

"Aye will I," he called back over his shoulder.

"'Tis naught but a little prison and I will dump it in the river Arno."

But the dealer only shrugged and began to call out his prices again in his shrill, drawn-out voice.

Leonardo crossed the bridge and kept his word, watching the cage drift downward with the tide. 'A fishing barge came up the river as he looked, and a woman with a child on her knee seated near her husband, who handled the big net on its pole, glanced upwards at the bridge. She had a lovely wistful face, and Leonardo crossed the bridge to watch her longer. Then he drew a crayon and paper from his vest, and instantly the face appeared in all its sweetness.

After that the bridge itself seemed to absorb this loiterer. He bent to study its props and workmanship, and made a hasty sketch of it as well.

"But I am late for the studio," he said at last hastening on. "I must plan a bridge with a different foundation, more solid and yet as graceful as this. Ah, if the day were long enough!"

Reaching a heavy door that stood ajar he pushed it wide and ran up a stone stairway, singing again with the full tone of his voice. As he came near the working room he stood a moment to finish the song,

for the words were beautiful and it seemed a pity to him to break them off.

Inside the Master Verocchio and his pupils smiled and listened. Even the hard-working Piero Perugini stood back from his canvas and waited till the last note died away, and in the corner where another pupil hammered on a piece of brass the hammer paused and was still and began again only when Leonardo's song was ended.

It was a large school, this of the Master Verocchio, and full of gifted students of all sorts. There was modeling done and the making of vases and jewelry, and above all there was painting, and at this there was the talented Piero, and Lorenzo de Credi and others of great promise, but when Leonardo sang by the door the Master's face lighted up for here was the one who outshone all others.

"Come hither, lad, thou art late," cried Signor Verocchio coming to meet him, "and today I have need of thee—much need of thee."

Leonardo laid down his lute with tender care.

"Aye, Master. There was much of interest on the way, and at home there was wondrous amusement this morning with my painted shield!"

He slipped into his brown smock, and Verocchio,

half anxious to hear about the shield but knowing that the time was short and much remained to be done, paused a moment.

"I decorated a peasant's shield with a dragon," went on Leonardo. "And for my models I gathered lizards and toads and a newt or two. The poor ladies of our household have lived in fear of my room and its strange inhabitants, and now so fearsome is the shield with my dragon upon it that poor Gen-nario screams and will have naught of it. My father must give him another."

"Aye, I can believe it," said Verocchio with a long, studying gaze at this extraordinary pupil. "But now hark well to me and give me all thy energies today. I am weary and have many important errands, and still my canvas for the monks of Val-lambrosia remains unfinished."

The other pupils paused again to listen, for it was an honor much longed-for to be allowed to assist the Master in his work.

Leonardo stood silent now and steady, his eyes fixed gravely on his teacher's face.

"There is one figure only needed to complete the work," said Verocchio. "I have painted, and not unsuccessfully, the noble scene of John the Baptist

baptizing Christ, but now I wish an angel to hold a robe, he is to stand close to the figure of Our Savior. It is this angel that I wish thee to try thy skill upon. It is an important piece of work for thee, and I must please the monks who know much of heaven and even more perhaps of Art."

Leonardo's face lit with pleasure and then he grew sober.

"To paint an angel, ah that is something to do!" he said, "something to think about and to pray about before painting!"

"Then think and pray, lad, at once," said Verocchio. "I have left thee some designs. Use them if thou wilt; if not," he paused, "why then make thine own angel, Leonardo da Vinci."

The gifted and honored pupil moved slowly toward the rear of the big room where a large canvas stood with its back to all in an alcove where Verocchio was wont to work apart. The other students called a word of congratulation to him as he passed.

"Aye, thou art the one for the honor," said young Lorenzo de Credi, whose own canvas shone with delicate clear color; and, "Show thy powers well!" cried another; and, "Ah, Leonardo, thou art too gifted!" said a third with a tinge of envy. "Thou

canst sing and play and they say canst outdo thy teacher at mathematics and science as well, and now here art thou chosen above us all to paint for Verocchio himself."

Young Leonardo turned with a smile of great warmth to his comrades.

"I do all things, I fear, a little and none to perfection," he said with a note of sadness.

He was glad to be cut off and silent in the alcove. It was his first and most serious opportunity, and he stood lost in deep thought before the unfinished canvas of his Master. Then he took up Verocchio's sketches of the angel and looked at them with knotted brows. He laid them aside with a shake of his head.

"These appear to me like earthly boys and seem too pretty and too prim. I would wish to paint a true creature of heaven. Ah, but who could paint an angel!"

He sat down on a stool, then, and remained so seated and in thought for a long time.

Verocchio, about to go out on a mission, glanced dubiously at his most gifted pupil. Would he remain seated so all day? Time pressed. Should he

rouse him and hurry him on? Something told him no.

"He must do it in his own way," thought the Master. "I would I could read his thoughts."

And truly the young Leonardo's thoughts would have been worth reading.

He was thinking of the noble and lovely faces he had seen, amongst them the face of the young fisherman's wife drifting by in the barge; he was remembering holy music, and kind, good deeds and words; he thought of glad mornings and the brightness of the early sun upon the peaks of the Apennine mountains. So Leonardo strove to call an angel downwards to his canvas.

At last he took up his brushes and palette and began to paint. Signor Verocchio returned and sighed with relief to see that at last Leonardo was at work.

The bells of Florence chimed out the passing hours. The big studio was filled only with the sound of brushes on canvas, the light hammer of metal, the pushing aside now and again of stool or easel. At the noon hour they ate their meal of cheese and fruit, all but Piero Perugino and Leonardo. These two were too absorbed to leave their work, and be-

cause of the serious task that went on in the alcove, the other boys spoke low and romped less than was their usual habit. .

And so the day wore slowly on and at last the vesper bells were ringing in a church near-by. One by one the students hung up palette and apron, covered either canvas or statue, called their soft Italian good-night in round voices, laughed and went out. Even Piero regretfully left his easel and with an arm linked to that of Lorenzo de Credi passed out with backward glances toward the canvas that hid their comrade.

“Bonne nocte!” they called, but felt no surprise that they received no answer.

The twilight was beginning to sift softly into the studio. Signor Verocchio, who had had a busy day and no time to watch over the important work, sighed and hurried toward his remaining pupil.

“Ah, now, lad, ’tis time to end the day. Thou wert slow to start but now thou art slow to cease. Pray the saints thy work is worthy of thyself and of me, and that I need not scrape out and repaint. No doubt thy dragon was a wonder, but what of this more serious work? I would be sad if the monks

should say, 'Ah, Verocchio grows careless and lets his pupils spoil his work!' "

Leonardo sighed in his turn and put down his brushes.

"An angel," he said, "is a wondrous thing to paint. I would paint another and a better angel. In my mind now grows another, signor, a far more perfect one. In God's eyes this angel of mine would be a poor thing. How is it in thine, Master?"

Signor Verocchio stood and gazed. His lips tightened and a look of admiration and yet of sudden pain showed in his face.

"Thou art not pleased?" asked Leonardo. "Nay, it is more than that. Something troubles thee, Signor. If thou dost wish my part of thy painting away, scrape it out and I will never again so paint for thee!"

A sudden look of pride flashed across the young artist's face.

"And yet," he said, "it seems to me it has a bit of heaven in it, my angel."

Verocchio made a gesture of impatience,

"Nay, it is *all* heaven," he said in a low voice.

"Thou art the master here, and I the pupil. Already

thou, who art little more than a boy, can out-paint me, Leonardo."

"I doubt if this be true, Master," said Leonardo quickly. "Thou art the great Verocchio and what I have learnt thou hast taught me."

Verocchio looked again earnestly at the exquisite lines and perfect grace and beauty of the angel that had sprung to life in so short a time from the brush of his young student. He shook his head wonderingly.

"Thou wilt outrun me far, and many others," he said and there was sorrow in his voice.

"But if I have worked as well as thou sayest, why not rejoice, Master?" Leonardo's voice rang out in the slowly darkening room. "If work be good, what matter if the brush be thine or mine, or that of Piero or Lorenzo or another? It is the thing made and made well."

Verocchio straightened himself.

"Thou art wise and noble and I am proud to follow where I thought to lead," he said. He threw a cloth with care over the painting. "Come, lad, I can no longer stay."

They went out into the evening, the Master lost in deep thought.

Leonardo paused on the threshold and pointed to the sky.

"See yonder first star, Signor," he said. "Would we could fly up to those heights. It would seem to me a man might find a way to make himself a pair of wings."

"Is the earth too small a field for thee, then, lad?" asked Verocchio a hand on the boy's arm.

"The days are too short, Master," cried young Leonardo da Vinci. "My heart is full of great desires and the night comes too soon."

TWO FRIENDS

Fra Bartolommeo and Albertinelli were great contemporary painters of Italy, in the last half of the 15th Century and the early 16th.



THESE TWO LOVED EACH OTHER FROM THE FIRST DAY

III

TWO FRIENDS

THIS is the story of how a friendship held fast and true in the days when the old Italian city of Florence was torn by quarrels.

It began in the year 1485 in the workshop of the painter Cosimo Roselli where the two boys were sent, first only to sweep out the shop and grind the colors and to grow accustomed for a time to all the ways of studio life, and then after a long apprenticeship of this sort to begin the study of painting for themselves.

There was only a year's difference between Baccio della Porta and Mariotto Albertinelli, but in every other way there was a whole world of difference. Baccio was a gentle and thoughtful boy with a slow grave smile that won trust and affection everywhere. He liked to study and read, and he loved music and to be quiet and serious. On the other hand, Mariotto was a restless and gay being, never still and forever full of wild pranks and seeking adventurous com-

panionship. He made friends but enemies as well, and his restless life flashed in and out with laughter and mockery.

There did not seem any reason why these two should love each other, but from the very first day it was so. When Baccio came, small and new to the shop, Mariotto swept down upon him and taught him this and that. He laughed at his shy mistakes and made fun of his failures, but Baccio only smiled gravely at Mariotto's raillery and when the lunch hour came Mariotto sat with an arm thrown across the shoulder of the newcomer and gave him all his fruit and cheese. When the day was over neither wished to part from the other.

Baccio lived outside the city. His father was a poor muleteer who had saved just enough money to buy a plot of land and a little house near the gate of Florence called the Porta di San Gattolini. That is why he was nicknamed Baccio of the Gate. Mariotto Albertinelli lived in the city of Florence, so their ways lay far apart, but when little Baccio, tired and pale from the excitement of his first day of work, started on his tramp home, Mariotto thrust an arm through his and went with him every step.

Baccio stood at the door of his home, out where

the pointed cypress trees and fields and vineyards edged close to the city, and waved a long good-night to his friend.

"I will see thee tomorrow," he called, and Mariotto turned for a moment before he disappeared through the Porta, and called back—

"Tomorrow!" and with a wild gesture of farewell to make his serious friend laugh he ran out of sight.

Baccio went into his home then, where his younger brothers were already in bed, for being the oldest he had begun to work as the oldest brother should, where a family is large and poor. He was only ten but he had made a start, and he had made a friend and he was proud and happy.

And so time slipped by fast in the studio of Cosimo Roselli, and the two boys grew and studied. It was a long time but it seemed short before the days and months made years, and at last it was right for them to begin to study painting for themselves.

Through this period of apprenticeship Baccio had become a much trusted and adored inmate of the shop. If there was money to be received Baccio was the one chosen to go for it, if a work of value was to be delivered by hand Baccio was the one to be trusted. But often he would ask for Mariotto

to go with him, especially if the way were long; and although people smiled at the difference of the two, they liked their staunch friendship, and so the gay Mariotto was allowed to go with the reliable Baccio.

They began their study of art at about the same time. It was very soon discovered in the shop that Baccio was no ordinary pupil. His first drawings had a strength not often seen in a beginner. Mariotto, too, but in a slightly less marked degree, showed a talent. Often as Baccio worked, Signor Roselli and his even more gifted assistant, the eccentric Piero Cosimo, would stop more and more frequently at his easel.

"Good!" they would say. "Thou art in earnest, Baccio of the Gate!"

And Mariotto would get up with a rush knocking over a stool and cry: "Bah! I would I could draw exactly like thee, Baccio!" And he would rub out what he had done and do it again as nearly in the manner of his friend as was possible.

As they grew older and taller and more able to work with knowledge, the Master sent them out to study the works of art that Florence proudly shows in palace and church and garden to those who care

to look. Even in those days she had already a treasure house of beauty.

So one morning, arm in arm, Mariotto Albertinelli and Baccio della Porta were to be seen passing down the street. Each year seemed to have made them more different from each other and more devoted. Mariotto's clothing was gay and rich and he had the air of a young gallant, while Baccio was more serious in his garb and manner, and was beginning to think with a purpose and to study the world about him. Life for the muleteer's son was full of responsibility and it made him old for his age.

Two friars passing, robed in brown and with shaven heads, made a sign of blessing to the two youths, and Baccio bowed with reverence. Not so Albertinelli.

"Bah!" he cried, "I would not be a priest."

He tossed his scarlet cloak with a scornful swing. "Better to go dressed in cloth of gold with a good sword at the side, than to shuffle along in brown skirts with your eyes in the dust. Besides, what know such as these of Art and Beauty?"

"Thou art wrong there, thou mocker!" said Baccio flushing. "The monks are artists, many of them, who dedicate their noble works to God. Surely thou

knowest of Fra Angelico, he of San Marco, who paints the angels as no man has before."

"Oh, aye," smiled Mariotto. "I speak without thought. To be sure the Church and Art go hand in hand. But I would be as the great Leonardo da Vinci, powerful in Art and able to paint an angel or a lady of the court, a saint or a worldling. He is wealthy and beautiful and full of wit and knowledge of the world and noble too. Or, were I not a painter, I would be a Medici, free to feast and revel."

"There is much evil in the lives of the rich these days," said Baccio in a low tone.

They were passing now into a thoroughfare where crowds of all factions came and went. People old and young spoke in low tones of their ideas in these days, for swords were quick to flash, and intolerance and bloodshed lurked in the streets of Florence.

"I go now to the Branacci chapel to study the works of Masaccio," said Baccio after a silence. "Wilt come with me, Mariotto mio?"

"Not I! I go to no church. To the Medici Gardens, I, to look at the classic statues."

"Aye, and mayhap to steal a glance as well at the parade of fashion, or to meet a friend or two," smiled Baccio shaking his head.

They parted without farewell, for it was understood that always before long they would seek each other out again.

Baccio loved the dim chapel. He was often there. He loved it not only for the fine, powerful frescoes on its walls but for the stillness and peace of the place, with its distant chanting in the church beyond. After the world of wild unrest without in Florence, it was beautiful and safe and good, where tall candles burned on the altar and no quarrels were possible.

"I would that Mariotto were here," thought Baccio. "He cares nothing for these things."

And Mariotto meanwhile, in the Medici Gardens, was wishing as well that Baccio could be with him.

"These classic forms," he murmured looking at the statues that stood white against the dark ilex trees, "are more perfect than the frescoes of even Masaccio. It is good, too, to be where life and gaiety pass by, and not where there is solemnity. But, Baccio," he sighed, "is too good for such as I."

When Baccio left the chapel that day and came out into the city again there was a crowd gathering in a small and remote piazza. Someone was standing on a bench speaking, and the people closest to him stood still in rapt attention while those on the

outskirts pushed and pressed their way to get nearer. Two noblemen passed close to Baccio. They cast glances of scorn at the speaker.

"This priest," one of them said, "is becoming troublesome."

"Aye," cried the other flashing his eyes as brilliantly as the jewelled sword at his belt. "He has a following and we of the Medici must look to ourselves. A pest on these religious fanatics. They cause unrest and false ideas."

Baccio's eyes followed these silken nobles with a troubled frown. In the chapel life had seemed simple, and out here no one thought alike.

"Mariotto would agree with these gentlemen," pondered Baccio. "I must try to see for myself what this man speaks of. It is Savanorola of whom everyone talks; the friar who says we are under the heel of wickedness."

In his determined, quiet manner Baccio now edged his way bit by bit into the very heart of the throng, until he finally stood at the feet of the speaker. Looking up he gazed with absorption at the striking figure of the friar. The face with its deep-set, glowing eyes, high cheek bones, and strong, ugly mouth, stirred the youthful painter; but his words did more

than this. Baccio della Porta had listened before to holy men who spoke of the wickedness of worldly people, but this man seemed to be a living flame that scorched the world of wealth and idleness and left it black.

Baccio listened spellbound. Never had he been so shaken and so stirred. When it was over and he was separated quickly from the friar by the pushing crowds, he turned toward home thinking only of the fiery words he had heard, and seeing only the strange keen face of the speaker.

He started when Mariotto Albertinelli suddenly joined him with laughter and a rough caress.

"I've hunted for thee everywhere, and now here art thou rushing home with thy eyes on the ground and solemn too. Art turning monk, my little fellow artist?"

"I can not joke with thee now, Mariotto," cried Baccio drawing back. "My very soul is stirred."

"Thy soul!" Mariotto threw back his head and laughed a long and riotous laugh. "Thou talkest like those of the party who go by the name of Pagnioni, who listen to yon railing priest called Savanorola."

"Silence!" cried Baccio sternly. "I will hear

naught said against that marvelous man." Tears stood suddenly in his eyes. "All he says is true, I say, true and all too true."

Albertinelli drew back aghast and stared at his young friend.

"Alas! thou art mad," he said soberly enough. "Has this hawk-faced priest won thee with his wild words? He will lead thee into trouble, Baccio, and it is because of him thou didst thrust my arm from thine as thou hast never done before."

Mariotto folded his arms with a swift swirl of his cape. "We must part then, thou and I," he cried angrily. "I follow another path, I follow the Medici who hate your priests."

The two young friends stood apart looking at each other in dismay. Could this be a quarrel? They had never agreed about anything especially, but it had made no difference before. Baccio had liked his books and music, and Mariotto had not. Baccio had liked the churches and the silent monks, and Mariotto had mocked; but they both loved their painting, and these other things had seemed to matter little. Now they stood amazed and gazed white faced at each other.

They did not realize that both were growing up,

and both were beginning to think and feel with greater depth.

So Baccio walked home alone to the little house outside the walls and took an aching and troubled heart with him, while Mariotto sought wild company; but his laughter and his jokes were forced and never had he mocked and jeered so sharply before.

In the workshop after this Baccio, grave and absent, painted with even greater skill and absorption, but poor Albertinelli neglected his daily task and was wild and fitful, given to long absences and returning tired and unquiet.

Every evening Baccio went to listen to the strange and wonderful Savanorola. In the monastery where he held his meetings there came other painters, and they talked to Baccio and besought him to use his art only for noble subjects and as a means to praise God. And Baccio became more and more convinced that they were right, and that he would follow the friar no matter what came of it.

But always when it was over and the solemn mood had faded, he would look sadly about longing for the scarlet flash of Mariotto's cape and his warm laugh and strong arm thrust through his own.

Trouble had come to Baccio these days. There was sickness in the house outside the gate and never had he needed the cheer and help of his dearest friend so much. The muleteer and his wife were both dangerously ill, and if anything should happen poor Baccio della Porta would have to be father and mother both to the younger children. That would mean enough money must be made by Baccio to equal his own and his father's earnings as well.

One evening Baccio walked slowly homeward in a mood bordering on despair. A skilful man of medicine had warned him that his worst fears would be realized. He had tried to listen with faith and hope to the words of Savanorola, but all the time he thought of his trouble and he longed passionately for Mariotto. He lingered on the road homewards, desolate and anxious and feeling that the world was a dark and cruel place.

Hearing steps behind him he drew a sharp breath and stopped short hardly daring to hope.

"If only," he whispered, "ah, if only, only it might be Mariotto!"

Suddenly there was the sound of running and then an arm thrust through his own.

"Baccio, amico, my friend!" cried Albertinelli's

familiar voice. "There is sickness in thy home and thou didst not tell me. I have only just heard of thy sorrow. What does it matter about Savanorola or the Medici, if thou art in need of me? And I am in need of thee too, my Baccio, for I can not paint a stroke. I take up a brush and all I think is that you do not love me, then I daub a bad thing and throw all away. Without thee art is nothing to me. Why, Baccio della Porta, if thou shouldst become a friar thyself, or if I should follow the wickedest Medici of them all, what matters it? I would love thee all the same, and I pray that thou would love me and need me and not cast me from thy side. Am I right, Baccio? Tell me quickly, for I am like to die to hear thee speak."

"Oh, a thousand times yes, Mariotto!" And Baccio clung closer to him. "I have suffered from thy absence. I care not at all what thou thinkest or dost, if only we be friends again and forever."

Baccio gave a cry of wild joy and then suddenly sobered himself.

"Sit thee down now here with me then, Baccio, and we will see what can be done to aid thee in thy trouble and this sickness."

So they sat down by the dusty roadside, close and

true, and talked as only those can talk who have been apart and love each other and are at last together.

“Now worry no more,” said Mariotto finally as the stars began to appear above the points of the cypress trees. “We will start a shop of our very own, thou and I. We are painters now, ourselves, and can make money and so care for thy poor little brothers.”

Baccio clasped Mariotto's hands and looked anxiously into his face.

“But, Mariotto,” he said. “They are not of thy blood. How can I let thy days be shadowed by care and work for those who are not of thine own blood?”

And Albertinelli laughed aloud and tossed his cape.

“I am thy brother,” he said. “What brother ever loved another more?”

And so through all their lives they loved each other in spite of the great differences between them.

Baccio followed Savanorola through the friar's short, tempestuous life, and then himself became a friar, taking the name of Fra Bartolommeo and painted only the most sacred subjects; and Mariotto stayed in the world and followed the Medici and

TWO FRIENDS

to the end of his days he disliked chapels and solemn silence.

But these two loved each other as few friends have, and Albertinelli's paintings were so full of his love and admiration for Fra Bartolommeo, who was once little Baccio della Porta, that it was difficult some times to tell if they were done by his own hand or the serious and masterful brush of his greatly gifted friend.

MICHEL ANGELO AND THE SNOW MAN

Michel Angelo Buonarroti (1475-1564) is considered the greatest of artistic geniuses. In both painting and sculpture he excelled.



CONSTANCE WHITTETAKE

"I WILL BUILD THEE A STATUE IN SNOW, MY LORD"

IV

MICHEL ANGELO AND THE SNOW MAN

YOUNG MICHEL ANGELO stood looking out on a new world. The snow had fallen all night upon the roofs of Florence, that most beautiful of all Italian cities—and in his short life he had never seen the low roofs and tall towers, the churches and palaces so mantled with white. He thought it made the whole city into a marble city, and although it was beautiful it made him sad. All the world seemed rather a cold place to the boy because he had lost not long ago a wonderful, kind and powerful friend, the great Duke and ruler, Lorenzo de Medici. In the garden of the Duke the young Michel Angelo had learned to carve and chisel with other young boys; and because he had carved out of stone a remarkably fine mask of a faun's head, the great Duke had noticed him and befriended him and had him sit at his right hand on feast days in the palace. There had been purses of gold, too, and beautiful velvet doublets and, best of all, tons

of marble for the gifted young sculptor to carve and hack at to his heart's content.

But now that was all over and in the palace the son of the great Lorenzo, the young Pietro, ruled. Poor Michel Angelo no longer sat at the long and magnificent table and no longer worked and was happy in the fine old gardens of the palace. Pietro was little more than a boy himself, but a proud, tall, handsome, reckless youth who cared more for his horses and his athletes and his feasts than anything else, and it amused him to cast away the boy his father had treated with such consideration. In the old days of old Florence there were many cruel things done with a laugh that nobody nowadays would laugh at at all. And so because it was old Florence young Michel Angelo had to suffer in silence and be content to build more airy statues in his young brain than out of actual marble.

He stood at the narrow, long, iron-grated window of his house and watched the white flakes drift down upon the beautiful tall tower that Giotto had built. He could see it rising above the roofs and he could see, too, the gateway to the Medici palace gardens and the snow deep and white on the familiar paths and bushes.

"Ah," he sighed, "everything is changed now." And his deep-set eyes were far graver than they should have been at his age. A sound of merriment and laughter suddenly drifted up to him, for although this was over four hundred years ago, the Italians were as vivacious and gay as they are now, and the novelty of the snow had roused the young and old, rich and poor alike to laughter and pranks. Michel Angelo was only a boy, after all, and his eyes lit with a quick, fine spark of life as he leaned out between the bars to see what was going on.

Here a group of musicians had cast aside their instruments and were pelting each other with snowballs; and there, two servants in the blue and gold livery of some fine old family chased each other about, flinging white handfuls at one another till their splendid coats were like flour bags.

Today was a feast day—a fiesta—and Michel Angelo, with a better view now of the city, could see the banners hanging from the Medici balustrades and towers. He knew that tonight the long table in the great hall would be lined with guests down its sides, and that the young Pietro would sit at the head in the great carved chair with some youthful favorite

at his right—probably that swift young runner whom Michel Angelo knew to be his great pride.

He was startled from his dreams by a rapping below and, leaning still farther from the window bars, his face turned first red then pale at what he saw. A page in the Medici livery was beating upon his own front door.

The messenger, glancing up, saw the boy and called in his full Italian voice,

“Aha, my young sculptor. His Magnificence, the great Medici, wishes you to come and build a statue for him at last!”

Michel Angelo’s hands tightened on the bars and his heart beat such a gallop he could not answer.

“Dost thou not hear? Fear not—this is no jest. Speed thee now and follow fast, lest the great lord grow weary of waiting.”

“Art thou truly in earnest?” asked Michel Angelo. “For I have never been sent for since the great Lorenzo lived in the palace.”

“Aye, truly am I, lad, and there is much fine marble for thee to work with.”

Something in the man’s tone caused an uneasiness to the young artist. He hesitated a moment and then with a proud straightening of his thin young

shoulders, he called out, "I come!" and flinging a cloak about him he descended with rapid steps into the narrow snow-filled street.

His companion was inclined to chatter to him in a vein of mocking encouragement, as they hurried toward the great iron gateway of the palace, but Michel Angelo set his lips in a firm, straight line and kept his eyes before him.

"Aha, proud boy," laughed the messenger as they turned into the snow-filled park, "this is a great day, is it not, for thee? To work in marble again for the great lord of Medici?"

They passed now in through a small side door and up a winding stairway, each curve and each stone of which was as familiar as his own name to the young artist. His heart had not ceased to gallop in his breast and the hands that kept his cloak about him were clenched, but the fiery gleam of defiance in his eyes burned brighter than before. In an upper hallway they came soon upon Pietro surrounded by a group of boys and men, standing at a long window opening upon a stone balustrade that overhung the gardens. There was laughter and loud jesting amongst them, but when Pietro turned to the serious,

waiting figure of Michel Angelo there was a slight pause.

"Aha!" cried Pietro, looking him up and down. "So once more we have sent for thee to honor our house with thy great talent, young Michel Angelo. They tell me that thou art a master sculptor even at thy age."

Michel Angelo's deep eyes blazed. After a slight bow he stood erect with chin in air.

"So thy great and good father was wont to believe, my lord," he answered with his direct gaze fixed upon the laughing face.

Pietro flushed and turned to one of his companions.

"Take this lad to the gardens below us here," he commanded.

"There thou wilt find tools, my young friend, and all the whitest marble in the world. I am giving a feast tonight and thy statue will be finished for my guests to enjoy. Tomorrow our warm Italian sunshine will melt thy great work. Aha, why startest thou, my lad? The work will be as beautiful in snow!"

There was much laughter now. Michel Angelo

had turned very pale. He, who had been so honored, to build a man of snow!

He was very young and very proud and he knew that he possessed a great and wonderful talent. For a few moments his anger rushed over him wave upon wave, making the mocking faces of the Duke and his followers grow dim. He fought with himself fiercely, for he knew that he would have to do the bidding of this son of his former great patron.

It occurred to him that he might fashion a portrait of Pietro in the snow to show that all power passes and fades away and there would come a time when even Pietro himself would be forgotten. This was a hard moment for a boy to face, but Michel Angelo was no ordinary young person. Something noble and strong seemed to come to his aid and suddenly his heart beat more steadily and he found his voice.

"I will build thee a statue in snow, my lord," he answered in his strong, rough young voice. "Thou art the great Lorenzo's son, and mayhap thou, too, will honor my work before it melts away."

Pietro laughed, but not so merrily as he had before. He drew aside the great curtain from the window and pointed to the white garden below.

"There is space and plenty of material. There is

thy studio, then, lad. Put thy great skill to work and none shall disturb thee. I will tell my guests tonight the name of the snow-man builder."

Michel Angelo was glad to feel at last the cool air on his burning forehead—glad to be alone again in the gardens that he knew and loved so well. He stood quite still a long time, thinking of the great, kind man who had often talked with him here, striving to set aside the pain of the interview he had passed through. Then he looked at the sky and drew a long, deep breath.

"My art will win," he murmured. "Even in snow it will win." And with swift hands he set to work.

All day he worked putting into the growing white figure all the power and skill that he possessed. Slowly it grew under his fingers in all its strength and life, beautiful and true.

The snow limbs seemed ready to leap into action and the snow lips ready to speak. It was the figure of a youth, noble and strong, and the gardens seemed infinitely more beautiful for the presence of this new lovely white figure in their midst.

From time to time the young Michel Angelo would stand away and look up at what he had done, for even though his snow youth was seated on a

pillar of snow he was far larger than the youthful sculptor himself, and to put the delicate finishing touches to the parted snow lips and modeled snow brows he had need of a stone jar turned upside down to raise him to his work.

At last the beautiful snow man was finished and Michel Angelo, forgetful of everything but his art, stood lost in a deep dream of delight.

It was done and it was good, and he had forgotten that tomorrow the cruel, warm sun would shine down upon his statue and melt it into nothing but a puddle of water.

A shout from above brought the truth all back to the poor, enraptured Michel Angelo.

"I will come down to thee, lad, and see thy work if it be done," called Pietro from the balcony.

"It is done, my lord," answered Michel Angelo, but his voice shook, for he remembered that he had worked in snow.

He stood aside and waited and soon he heard them coming with laughter and jest into the snowy courtyard. Then they were there—gay in their scarlet and gold and velvet and satin against the pure white of out-of-doors.

"Ah-ha," cried Pietro, leading the way. "Where is this famous snow man, my little sculptor?"

Michel Angelo remained silent and erect, with serious eyes fixed on the young Duke's face. There was a kind of prayer in the boy's heart that Pietro would be noble and worthy of his great father who had so often in these very gardens paid tribute to true art when skilfully done. He waited very still and very eager.

Pietro stood and stared, and his companions formed a bright group of color behind him.

Michel did not notice the others—he looked only at Pietro's face. The mocking smile slowly faded from the young noble's lips and gradually a look of awe stole into his eyes, and then a look of sorrow.

"Not in *snow*!" he suddenly cried. "Ah, tell me it be not made of snow! Alas, that anything so beautiful should ever fade away!"

He turned to Michel Angelo, who stood with a hand pressed to his heart to ease its happy beating.

"Nay—nay, Michel, this is no longer a jest. Never in marble have I seen such beauty as thou hast wrought in snow. Come back to the palace, thou marvelous youth, and build true statues for

me. Would to heaven I could keep the sun forever from its shining!"

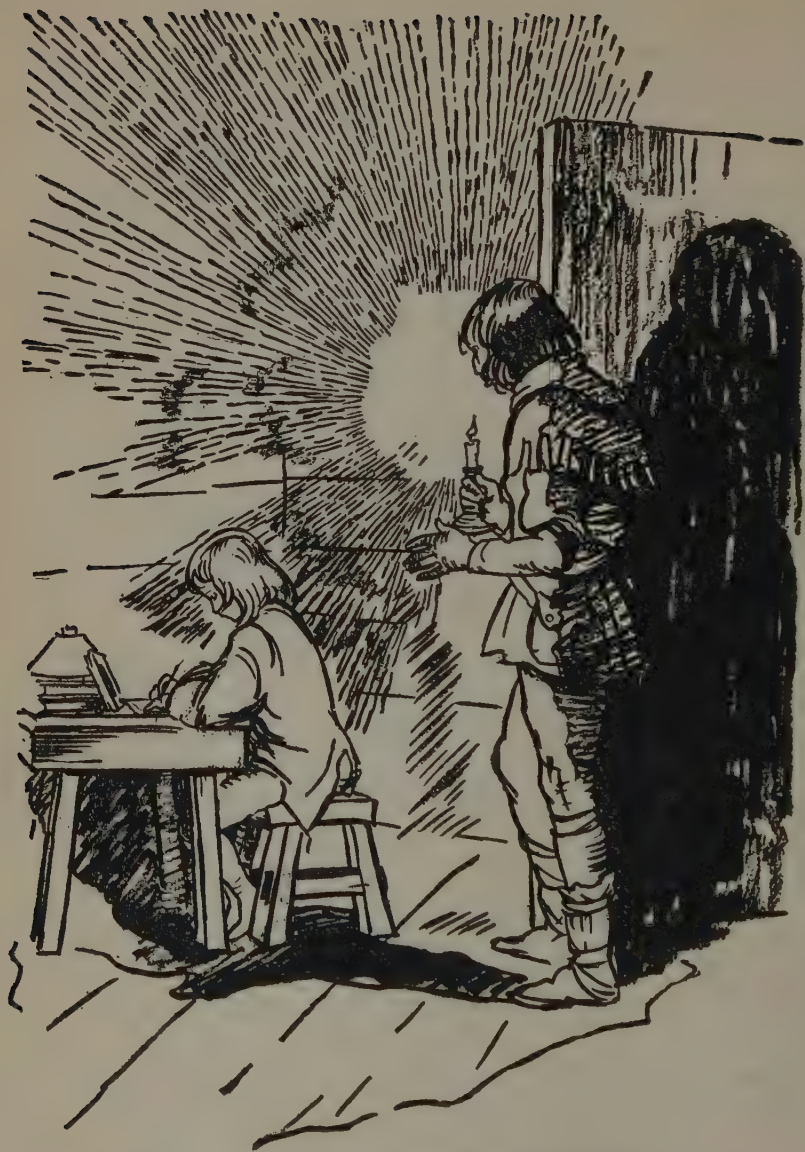
At the feast that night Michel sat at the right hand of Pietro, and he knew that there were proud and wonderful days ahead for him.

Today if you go to lovely old Florence you can see the faun's head that the boy Michel carved for the great Lorenzo, and you can see many powerful and glorious statues carved in marble by Michel, when he grew to be a man and one of the greatest sculptors the world has ever known.

But the beautiful white snow man no longer stands in the gardens, for the sun did shine in Florence in spite of the proud Pietro.

ALBRECHT DÜRER AND HIS FATHER

Albrecht Dürer (1471-1528) was the greatest German artist of his day, excelling in painting, engraving and design.



CONSTANCE WHITEHEAD

ON HIS WHITE SHEET ANOTHER MADONNA AND CHILD
APPEARED

V

ALBRECHT DÜRER AND HIS FATHER

THE bars of sunlight streamed into the workshop and gleamed on the silver and brass and gold and upon the straight yellow hair of young Albrecht Dürer, as he hammered and beat upon a piece of bright metal that was to be shaped to a massive drinking goblet for some great man of Nüremburg.

At the other end of the big room Herr Dürer in a blue smock worked, and hummed too in a deep baritone like a huge bee, and glanced from time to time with pride at his son. Out of his large family of sixteen children this boy of twelve was the one he loved the best and had chosen to be his partner to carry on his work of silversmith in the years to come when he himself would be too old.

The ringing of the tools of the father and son made a cheerful duet, a musical duet in many keys, and Albrecht was glad to work side by side with his father. Herr Dürer was a severe teacher and Al-

brecht's skill had not been learned in a day, but he liked to be praised. Consequently, he had made splendid progress and of late his father had trusted him with work as advanced and difficult as his own.

The shop door swung open and Herr Hupse Martin, the foremost painter of the town, stood on the threshold. Back of him one caught a glimpse of red-tiled roofs and overhanging eaves. Even in the far-back year of 1483 Nüremburg had the same quaint, crowded, tumbled look with its uneven chimney pots and towers, that it has today.

Hupse Martin had come with designs and beautiful drawings and a painting or two to show the silversmith, for none could trace a design on metal better than Herr Dürer and his young assistant.

The men spread out the drawings and talked and discussed, and Albrecht's hammering grew uneven and then still as he came to look and wonder. His eyes brightened and his lips parted with his swift breathing.

"The work we do here," he thought, "is all very well, but to draw and to paint—ah that would be something to live and to die for!"

When Hupse Martin had gathered up his beautiful work and gone away with a word of admiration

for the skilful smith and his extraordinary son, it seemed to Albrecht that the shop had suddenly grown dull and lifeless. He bent his head low over the great goblet to try to keep his mind upon it, but the ringing metal seemed to chant to him, "Paint and draw . . . I want to paint . . . I want to draw!"

Herr Dürer slept well and with a quiet heart that night; but alone in his small bare room at the top of the house under the eaves Albrecht could not sleep. He began to draw. By the light of a small oil lamp very silently and cautiously he went to work, so as not to arouse his father or mother, for they did not share his belief that to become an artist was the one thing worth living for.

Night after night the boy toiled and struggled to teach himself. At first his fingers did not want to obey, but bit by bit they grew nimble and willing, and it surprised and delighted the little silversmith to see his own amazing progress. He had, of course, only a pencil and paper and a bad light in a small cold room, but he was too determined and absorbed to notice or to care. However, when one is only twelve years old it is not wise to work by night as well as by day, and Herr Dürer was not too ab-

sorbed to notice that his young partner was pale and that his hammering was not as skilful as before.

"What is wrong with thee, my lad?" he asked one day when Albrecht had twice dropped his tools and had yawned and sighed in a way very unlike his usual busy self. "Maybe I forget how young thou art, my child, and work thee too hard for a boy. I will give thee a holiday. Thy work is not so good of late. I fear thou art ill and must rest. I will send thee away to a friend in the mountains."

Albrecht clambered down from his stool and came with a rush to his father.

"I want to be an artist," he blurted out throwing down his tools with a careless clatter. "I would rather draw and paint beautiful lines and forms and colors than anything in the world. I would rather be an artist than a silversmith."

Slowly Herr Dürer set down the box that he was making, and placing his hands on his hips stared down at his son.

"What nonsense is this?" he asked. "At thy age how canst thou know what is best for thee? Paint and draw wouldst thou? Be an artist? Why these are idle day-dreams of things outside thy knowledge."

"Nay, father," said Albrecht firmly, "I can draw. I know it. I have been drawing and working, and I know now that I can."

"When hast been drawing and where?" rapped out the big smith.

"At night," cried his son a little frightened now and flushed to his hair. "And I know that I can someday work well, and I have thoughts and dreams of many pictures that some day I must make."

Herr Dürer began to pace the room with angry strides.

"This is the way you repay all my lessons and care and pride in you," he said, his usual kind face lined with dismay. "At night you burn my oil and weaken your youth and strength, to come tired and useless to my shop . . . our shop . . ."

"But I want to be an artist," interrupted Albrecht becoming troubled. "I say I must and will. I must study and go on and on until I can be a great master."

"Thou art a fool, lad, and thy head is muddled for lack of sleep. I would like to shake thee into sense and wakefulness."

The shop rang now with their arguing and as long as his father raved and railed at him, Albrecht held

firm. Presently with a change of manner the older man came to him and placing a hand on each of his sturdy young shoulders, he looked down at him with sad tenderness and pleading.

"Lad, lad," he said, "I count on thee to carry on this work when I am grown too old. It is the great joy of my life, the dream of my old age. I have worked hard over thee and loved and trusted thee. Wilt fail me now?"

Then Albrecht bowed his head and stood very still.

"Promise me, my son and helpmate, my partner, to stop all this and to throw thy pencil away. Think only of the work here. Thou knowest this kind of work and art skilful in it. It is far greater to be a fine silversmith than a bad artist. And when I am old and my hammer is still, thou wilt be young and strong and the shop will not be empty. Promise me, my son."

And Albrecht, against his own inner conviction and desire, promised, to please his father, and asking for a day's holiday, left the shop with a pale face and a heavy heart.

So after that day work went on as before in the silversmith's shop, and Herr Dürer was happy. Albrecht had hidden his pencil and strove to go on

bravely. Sleeping now at night, his hammering once more became skilful, but his dreams were troubled up under the old tiled roof, and he did not dare to pass Herr Martin's studio where other boys were learning to paint and draw.

One evening Frau Dürer brought home a little painting, a lovely little thing of a Madonna and Child. Everyone admired and enjoyed it for a while, and then it was hung on the stairway wall and forgotten—forgotten by everyone but Albrecht. Even on Sunday morning during prayers he thought about the painting and how interesting it would be to copy it, and maybe to change it in the copy ever so little.

"I am wicked," he thought burying his face in his hands, "I must keep my promise. I must throw my pencil away over the roofs and chimney pots." And he tried to listen to his father's deep voice as he said the Sunday prayers.

He worked especially hard that week, and Herr Dürer said to Frau Dürer that there was no doubt their boy had forgotten his nonsense about becoming a painter.

"But he looks a little strange to me these days," sighed his mother.

"Nay, nay, that is just thy woman's way of thinking," laughed the contented silversmith.

Then late one night Albrecht took the little painting from the wall and carried it to his room and with the dim lamp burning feasted his eyes upon it. The house was very still and everybody slept. Something very strong stirred in the boy's heart. Something that seemed bigger than himself and bigger and more solemn than even his promise. With a pale set face he took the forbidden pencil from its hiding place, and with a steady hand and an air of quiet determination he set to work at midnight to copy the painting in black and white.

On his white sheet another Madonna and Child gradually appeared. They were exactly like the painting, and yet they were different. They were stronger, graver and more beautiful, and so exquisite were the lines and tones of black and white, that the little oil painting seemed to fade beside them.

There came a heavy step upon the queer crooked stairway that led to Albrecht's room, but the young artist was too absorbed and inspired to hear or heed.

Slowly with an ominous creak the door swung open, and Herr Dürer, with a great shadow cast behind him by the tall fluttering candle that he carried,

loomed larger than natural in the small attic room. He was too angry and bitter to speak at first, and Albrecht rising turned to face him with a heavy heart.

"So," said his father at last in a deep voice shaken by passion, "thou hast broken thy promise. For that thou shalt be punished, but no chastisement can give me back my faith in thee."

"Father," said Albrecht in a quiet strange way, "my longing to be an artist is too strong. I did not wish to make that promise. I know that I am young and should obey thee, but somehow I must draw . . . I must . . . I must."

His father strode forward and shook him till the shadows and candle-flame danced before his eyes.

"Silence!" he cried. "Cease thy talk; I know what is best for thee. I will cure thee of this madness. Sitting up through the night till thou art thin and pale . . . breaking thy word and talking back to thy elders. I have borne too patiently with thy nonsense. Thou art not worthy to be my partner . . . not worthy of the trust I put in thee . . . not worthy of my teaching and my efforts and my pride. I will find a way to cure thee of this amazing folly and—" Herr Dürer ceased his shaking and raising

his candle higher stooped to see the drawing better—"of this wicked . . ." he paused and bent to peer closer, his great shadow on the wall bending also.

There was a sudden long stillness in the room. Albrecht, struggling to control his sobs, had covered his face with his hands. To cause his father pain and disappointment was hard for him to endure and life had become very difficult now that he had determined to be an artist. After a time it seemed to him strange that his father should cease scolding and stand so still. He raised his head and uncovered his face.

Herr Dürer stood studying the painting and the drawing beside it. His face was sad and stern, but no longer angry.

"So," he said slowly, "So!" and nodded his head.

He set the candle down and drew his hands across his eyes and sighed deeply.

Poor Herr Dürer had given up his dreams.

"Albrecht," he said in a slow, quiet voice, "I will send thee at once to Herr Hupse Martin to study painting."

Albrecht's heart gave a leap of joy and then sank again.

"But my broken promise, father?" he asked with

a hand on the other's arm. "Wilt thou forgive me? Wilt thou trust me and be proud of me ever again? I know that I must somehow become an artist, but it will be hard to live without thy love and pride."

"Aye, lad, I am glad of that. I will remember that, when there is only myself to hammer away in the silversmithy."

Herr Dürer put his arm about his son.

"To Herr Martin thou must go. It was necessary for thee to refuse to obey thy father, because thou hadst to obey a greater thing. I could not know . . . I could not understand until I saw these perfect lines, this power and grace that is in need of training to bring it to its full growth, but that already is alive and awake and cannot be denied. Never fear, I will live to be prouder of thee than thou canst yet know. All Nüremburg will be proud, some day. But to become great in anything a man must work and work long, and sleep is good, little Albrecht. To bed, lad, to bed!"

But Albrecht was so happy now and excited by the dawn of a new life that it was hard to sleep. However, when the first faint light was touching the red-tiled roofs he fell into a happy slumber and his dreams were bright and brave.

The sunshine today streams into other windows where once there stood the smithy. The ringing duet of the hammerings of Herr Dürer and his son are long ago still, but if a traveler enters the old town of Nüremburg and wanders about its crooked streets and under its queer, quaint roofs, everywhere he hears the name Albrecht Dürer . . . the great artist, Albrecht Dürer, who died so long ago, but whose strong and powerful pictures still live on.

CORREGGIO AND THE NUNS

Correggio (1494-1534) whose baptismal name was Antonio Allegri, was a famous Lombard painter who executed many religious canvases and frescoes.



CONSTANCE WHITTEMORE

"IT IS A GREAT TASK FOR ONE SO YOUNG," SHE SAID

VI

CORREGGIO AND THE NUNS

“**I** KNOW of a most gifted youth in Correggio, whom we will send for,” said the Signor Veronica to the Lady Abbess.

The convent where this conversation took place had been for years one of the finest of northern Italy. Many important people in their journeys would pause a day or two to pace the walks of its beautiful gardens, to talk to the stately Lady Abbess, and to listen to the vespers and matins sung in its chapel. The young daughters of the finest families were taught here to embroider, weave, play instruments, and sing, under the guidance of the nuns. They wore white veils and dresses and were lovely to look upon. Some of them in time would become nuns and wear the deep, blue robes of the convent all their lives. Others would flit out again into the gay world.

In the year 1511, the convent found that times were changing a little, and not quite so many visitors came as before.

So—"I would advise some new charm for our convent," suggested the Lady Abbess, and her lawyer and the visiting Signor Veronica bowed and thought, and in their turn suggested a decoration in the chapel to win new admiration.

It was then that Veronica spoke of the youth who lived in Correggio.

"He is young—little more than a boy—but the gold required to pay him will not be so high as some completely mature artist, and at the same time he will make thy walls lovely and so bring back more visitors and life to your famous retreat, Lady Abbess."

So they sent for Antonio Allegri to come from his home. It was a great honor and he came as fast as he could. This was not very fast, for Antonio was a poor boy and he had to walk the forty miles—to trudge along in the dust with a staff and a pack on his back. But he had a high heart and a sunny nature, and this helped him to cover the distance even more than the lift he had now and again from some peasant jogging by in a cart.

He wondered all the way what he would paint upon the walls. He had already done some such work in his own village, and it was this that Veronica

had seen. But Antonio knew that the convent would expect more than that of him.

"They will want something noble and good, but something charming and bright, too," he thought, "to gladden the walls where they pass all their days."

But a week later when his journey was over, he paused irresolute. Antonio had never seen so grand a convent. Face to face with the big building with its towers and walls, with its poplar and cypress trees and gardens, his heart sank, and he stood a moment doubtfully before he pulled the rope of the bell of the outer gate.

For the first time he felt that he was young and poor and dusty, and tired too. A memory of the small white convent at home, quiet and poor with its small barred windows, troubled him.

"Alas!" he thought, "I can never paint anything grand enough for such a place as this!"

For this convent was more a part of the great world than any palace in Correggio.

But Antonio at last pulled the rope, and with the pretty ringing of a bell the outer gate swung open by unseen hands. He passed through another court, and from that into a large circular garden, and here four figures came to meet him. A high dignitary of

the Church in a scarlet robe, two ladies of the court who had come to see their daughters, both in rich garments of many colors, and the Lady Abbess herself, a white veil and wimple framing her face, a cross of diamonds glittering on her breast.

The young artist drew a sharp breath. He knew that his boots were nearly worn through, that he was a shabby, travel-worn figure, but he came bravely on and taking his dusty cap from his head bowed and smiled with a certain simple grace.

Antonio, in spite of his shabby outfit, was a charming youth, and the Lady Abbess smiled kindly, while the two ladies put their heads on one side, and although a flicker of surprised amusement shone in their eyes, they regarded him with a gleam of approval.

"Welcome," said the Lady Abbess in a sweet, grave voice. "Thy name of Allegri means happiness, and we hope thy coming will bring it to thee as well as to us. Brother Tomaso will take thee to thy rest and refreshment. Tomorrow we will show thee the scene of thy work. Thou must wander about and become accustomed to thy new abode. All the gardens are open to thee, save only the one at the end of the building where our maidens walk and

recreate. At vespers tomorrow we will sing hymns for thee, and mayhap this will help thy soul to flights of lovely inspiration.

"We are honored to have thee under our walls. Thou art very young, but I hear thy powers are great. . . . Use them well, and we will reward thee not only by gold but by admiration, Signor Allegri of Correggio."

Allegri bowed again, but he found no words that seemed stately enough to say to this great lady before him. He kissed the fingers of the long cool hand extended to him and turned with relief to the venerable, white-bearded monk, who in bare feet and a brown robe had come quietly to his side.

The high church dignitary made the gesture of a blessing, and the court ladies swept him half courtesies and then he was led away, limping a little with fatigue.

Passing down a long corridor, with the friar pattering ahead of him, there came the sound of stifled laughter back of a half-shuttered window, and it seemed to Antonio that a pair of bright eyes gleamed out at him.

"What a funny, dusty, little painter!" a silvery voice whispered, and another answered,

"Aye, but he is handsome."

"But," continued the first with the ringing quality of a bird note, "how could anyone so young decorate a great, big, high wall?"

Brother Tomaso turned back with a gesture of despair.

"Heed them not," he said sternly. "They are young and of the world to which they will go back. They know naught but the vanity of their own beauty."

Antonio heard a faint scream back of the shutters, for the friar had spoken aloud and his words rang clearly. But light laughter again floated out, and Antonio, hot-cheeked, was glad when they turned a corner and came finally to a comfortable, austere apartment close to the white-walled room where Brother Tomaso slept. A meal of venison and fruit and cakes, and a goblet of golden wine awaited the tired traveler, and then a deep night's slumber.

Another Antonio Allegri made his appearance at vespers late the next afternoon. Bathed and rested and refreshed by his quiet hours in garden and hall, freshly clad in doublet and hose from his pack, he walked into the chapel with a light step.

The Lady Abbess, graver and in darker robes

than in the garden, greeted him at the threshold and led him to a seat beside herself. The ladies of the court and the churchman were not present. Tall candles burnt everywhere, and Antonio's eyes flew instantly to the bare walls on either side of the altar, for here was to be his decoration.

The blue-robed nuns came in, and then, slowly pacing and very demure in their white veils and dresses, came the school-girls two by two.

Antonio's cheeks burned anew.

"On these walls they will soon see that I am old enough to paint!" he thought, and then ashamed of his anger in so lovely and sacred a spot he fixed his mind on his future work.

The singing began, and with it came the inspiration that the Lady Abbess had hoped for him.

It was most exquisite singing—"like the angels themselves," thought Antonio—and bright visions of clouds and sunshine and choiring hosts seemed already painted on the walls by his hands. The sweetest voice of all, a silvery, thrilling youthful voice, drew his eyes to one of the white-robed girls. Her face seemed to him the very one for an angel.

When the service was over, Antonio told the Abbess that he was ready and eager to begin his

work at once—the next morning very early. She replied that Signor Veronica had ordered excellent materials for him, and that Brother Tomaso would help with all needed ladders or scaffolding. Her grave eyes shadowed with a sudden doubt.

“It is a great task for one so young,” she said fingering her diamond cross absently.

Antonio Allegri knew this to be the truth, but his heart was high and his mind full of purpose and determination.

“Your beautiful singing would inspire a younger craftsman to outdo himself,” he answered bravely.

“Well said!” she said holding out both her hands. She studied his face. “I think I have great faith in thee. I would have the walls bright and warm and sunny as thine own nature, Allegri of Correggio.”

Antonio felt then that he must and would do all that was in his power for this gracious lady.

“I will be at work by sunrise,” he cried.

He was true to his word. From early to late he worked. The chapel was now closed to all but him. The vespers and matins were held in a smaller chapel at the far end of the convent, and the faint angelic sounds came softly and from far away.

Very tired now in the evenings he spent them mostly alone. Once or twice he walked with the Lady Abbess, but the stars overhead seemed to swim in the sky and she gently sent him off to bed. One late afternoon his mind full of his day's work, he wandered absently into the forbidden garden, where the sudden sound of chattering and of a lute plucked made him start backward. There were fifteen or twenty girls at play. Amongst them he recognized the owner of the beautiful voice. Seeing him, she waved and stooping plucked a rose and threw it at him with the free swing of a boy. And then she laughed. Antonio drew back angrily, much troubled and disappointed, for this creature who had sung and looked like an angel was the same who had laughed and called him a dusty little painter. He left the rose lying where it fell.

The days slipped by, and by degrees with toil and patience and with eager, earnest delight Antonio Allegri completed his work.

No one had seen it but himself and Brother Tomaso. The old friar tended him faithfully. But as the days passed and the picture grew in all its loveliness, Brother Tomaso became excited and rapt,

and often neglected to hand this or that for the joy of looking.

"Behold the cold wall is opening into a vision!" he cried, dropping the measure that the poor young painter needed so badly.

At last, one bright morning, Antonio came to the Lady Abbess and said,

"It is ready."

She turned a little pale, for she knew that more depended upon the success of the youth's work than he could realize. She had determined to pay him well in any case, but were the decorations cold and dull, they would win no admiration and there would come no throng of visitors to see them. People wished their hearts stirred by religion in those days.

"I have with me some guests of high standing, Allegri," she said, a look of strain in her fine eyes. "I have promised to open the chapel to them all at vespers, this evening. We will have hymns and chants of special beauty in their honor and in thine. Dost thou feel—art thou sure?" she paused at a loss for once. "I can not come now to see for myself, for even now I am neglecting my guests, but dare I trust thee that thy work is all complete?"

"I have done my best, Lady," Antonio answered.

"Truly, if thy guests are to compare it to the great Leonardo da Vinci or the superb Michel Angelo, they may indeed find fault. But if they look for the beauty and the light I have put there, mayhap they may enjoy and find truth and pleasure and joy. If not—" he smiled a little sadly— "the songs and hymns will at least lift up their hearts."

"Thou must sit close to my side at vespers, Allegri," said the Abbess. "And by my face thou shalt know if I am glad."

At five o'clock Brother Tomaso lit the tall tapers. There were one hundred of them, and the long lighter shook and trembled, for the friar was excited. The candle flames seemed to catch it and to thrill and shiver. On either side of the altar the walls glowed with a new and beautiful radiance. Here a painted pillar seemed to shine with a ray of actual sunlight, and here a bit of sky opened and some laughing cherubs tumbled from a cloud. On the other wall a lovely Madonna sat surrounded by happy angels. One angel sang from a book, and her warm, demure face uplifted was the same as that of a little novice of the convent. Antonio had left it so, in spite of his sad discovery.

The nuns came first, and then the girls in white

and two by two. One of them seeing the paintings gave a little cry of rapture. It was against all rules, and she stifled it swiftly with a corner of her veil.

Then came the Lady Abbess herself, her face pale as the wimple folded about it. After her a company in rich attire moving slowly and glancing about, and last of all, Antonio, trembling a little like the candle flames, now that the moment was at hand.

The company swept onward to the foremost seats, closer and closer to the newly decorated walls. Antonio could see them staring now and whispering; and curious glances were shot in his direction. But when he was seated by the Abbess he turned and studied her face.

It was raised to his pictures and oblivious of all else. There was a bright flush on her cheeks he had never seen there before, and her grave eyes danced with happiness. Suddenly her long, cool fingers reached out and caught his own.

"Thou knowest I am happy, now thou knowest my doubts are gone, dear Allegri!"

The little novice sang divinely, all alone this time, but Antonio lowered his eyes and would not look at her at all.

But the evening that followed was a proud and

happy one—a strange one, too, for a poor country boy. He sat at a feast in his honor, and all the great people praised him and spoke of his gifts. Many others, they said, would hear of it and come to the convent to see. Ladies swept him deep courtesies quite to the ground, and they all called him Correggio, for it was easier to remember than his own name.

At midnight they let him go, and tired and proud and dazed he found his way down the long corridors. There was a queer rustle behind a certain little window. Someone was speaking softly.

“I called thee a funny, dusty, little painter,” it pleaded. “Thou art a great painter, and no matter how dusty thou wert, I would not say so now. When I saw thy work I screamed with joy. And there is an angel in thy picture, Signor Allegri—is it—could it be?”

There was a pause, but Antonio did not speak.

“Ah, thou didst not know when thou didst paint me singing, that it was I, too, another horrid me, who laughed. I am not laughing any more.”

There was a faint sound of weeping, and Antonio felt very unhappy.

“I threw thee a rose and thou didst not take it.

But no matter, when I sing I will look always at thy beautiful paintings, and I will be changed forever, and good and grave, and grow up to be another Lady Abbessa."

Another rose fell through the window to the floor and Antonio stooped and caught it up. Then he fled, and happy kind laughter followed him.

He rode away on a white horse, and the convent bells pealed a joyous good-bye. The Abbess hung the diamond cross about his neck, and told him that she would hear great things of him.

Correggio painted many other chapel walls and many beautiful canvases, but I doubt if any reward was so great to him in after years as the happiness of the Lady Abbess, and the second rose flung by the repentant little novice.

ANTONIO VAN DYCK AND HIS MASTER, RUBENS

Antonio Van Dyck (1599-1641) was one of the greatest portrait painters of the Flemish school. Much of his work is after the manner of Rubens.



CONSTANCE WHITTEMORE

ANTONIO BEGAN TO REPAINT THE DAMAGED CANVAS

VII

ANTONIO VAN DYCK AND HIS MASTER, RUBENS

“**M**ARK, all of you—the Master is away!”
“Aye, thou stupid, who does not know that? And dull enough it is without him!”

“Nay, but heed me, lads—he hath forgot to lock his own studio door.”

The ten or twelve boys scattered about the great, bare studio drew closer to the speaker. They cast aside their brushes and palettes and pushed away their easels, and as they chattered and exclaimed, they glanced with curious eyes toward a small door at the far end of the room.

“Faith, I’d like to see what is going on in there!” cried one. “And woulds’t not thou, Antonio?”

“If any hath the right,” said another, “’twould be thou, Antonio, for the Master thinks more of thee than all of us put together.”

Antonio Van Dyck, a tall, fair youth, stood by a window where a shaft of sunlight lit up his yellow hair and brought to life the deep blue of his doublet,

making him shine out a brilliant figure beside the other boys, who wore the dull green and brown smocks of the studio. He rested his hands on his hips and laughed.

"That little door hides what I want much to see," he admitted.

"Aye, aye!" shouted young Gaspard, a ring-leader, a boy of the least talent in the studio save for the one matter of a vast skill in mirth and pranks. "It will be our only chance now. What a joy! What a rapturous lark, to enter that door generally so tightly locked! I dare thee, lads, to follow me. Where is thy sense of adventure? And, Antonio, if thy love of art be so great, why then, feast thine eyes on the work of the great Rubens while it is in progress!"

He was pulling them about now and urging them toward the mysterious door, and Antonio, laughing and wrestling, followed with the others.

"It would seem a little sacrilege!" he cried, tugging backward.

"Nay, nay, 'tis but a game and our right."

Boys in Antwerp long ago in the seventeenth century, in spite of doublet and hose and velvet cap and smock of the studio, were much the same as

boys now; and so, with laughter and carousing and tumbling about of easels and stools, they clattered and jostled down the big room and burst into the small, silent studio beyond.

In the narrow doorway Antonio alone paused, and stood leaning and gazing, his face flushed with delight and reverence.

“Ah!” he cried. “Be quiet just a space.” And one by one the others stopped and stared.

On the tall easel a canvas faced them—a half-finished painting of wonderful beauty and power. The colors glowed as only the brush of Rubens could make them glow, and the figures were so full of life that it seemed hard to believe they were not actually alive. It was a sacred subject done with marvelous power, and Antonio stood rooted in the doorway, fascinated and absorbed. For a time the others were quiet and reverently admiring. But bit by bit they grew tired of this, and began to look about curiously and examine the canvases. And, as they went, they pulled each other’s smocks and wrestled with one another and called to Antonio to come and see this or that, and the laughter and the scuffling began again.

Then something happened. Gaspard gave a play-

ful push to a small, slight comrade, who slipped and before he could recover his balance fell against the easel, and down went the canvas of the great Rubens—face downward on the floor.

The noise and laughter and the crash ended in a deep and frightened silence. Antonio sprang forward.

“Quick, the picture!” he cried. “Help me up with it! Oh, but this is terrible that we have done!”

Antonio had now become the leader. Gaspard had turned pale and sober and the other boys stood about, frightened and still.

“Help me raise it, lads,” cried Antonio again. “No matter how terrible the damage, we must find it out.”

Slowly and very carefully they lifted up the canvas and placed it on its easel, hardly daring to see how much had been ruined by their folly.

“A face and an arm,” whispered Gaspard, “smirched and gone.”

“There is but one thing to do,” said one of the older boys. “Antonio Van Dyck will have to repaint them.”

“Nay, never,” cried Antonio hotly. “Without the Master’s permission I would not.”

"Aye, but thou must, Antonio, for listen! If we are discovered in this, the Master will keep none of us in his studio. Thou art our comrade and thou must help us. Often and often of late the Master hath given thee work on his own canvases. He hath been too busy to do all and he hath always and each time chosen thee. Thy work is as much like his as two peas."

"Nay!" cried Antonio again, his fair face suffused with color. "I am no closer to him in skill than thou art to the moon. And in any case," he added, "I paint like myself."

The boys stood in a silent, unhappy group, gazing at the damaged picture.

"But, look you, Antonio," pleaded Gaspard. "Thou wilt not desert us. What is to be done unless thou wilt paint? Our skill is not great enough and if our Master knows of this we will all be cast out of his wonderful school."

"He would know, in any case," said Antonio, crossly, but he took the palette and brushes of the great Rubens, as he spoke. He had been studying the injured arm and face of the painting, and a queer look of absorption was creeping into his eyes. One of the boys made a motion to the others to be

silent and wait, and suddenly, with no more urging, Antonio Van Dyck began to paint.

No one dared to move for a long time, but while Antonio's brush, bit by bit, with exquisite success and sureness of touch, repaired the terrible damage, the anxious boys began to relax a little and sigh and shuffle with relief. "It would fool Michel Angelo, himself," they whispered. "And truly, he is marvelous, our Antonio!"

"Aye," murmured the mischievous Gaspard. "He is slow sometimes at games, but with his brush he is a wizard. We are saved," he shouted, tossing his velvet cap in the air. "Oh, my Antonio, thou hast saved us a terrible humiliation!"

Slowly Antonio laid down his palette and brushes, and looked at what he had done. The color rose again in his face to see how closely he had come to the work of the great Rubens himself.

"But he will know, none the less," he said. "And I am sad, though what I have done is the best that I have ever done."

They went trooping out and closed the door.

"This afternoon," said Antonio, "he will return." And they went to their stools and easels and set to work without laughter and play.

It was a long day and yet it seemed too early when the great Rubens flung open the door and joined them, with a friendly word or two. He had had a very successful and happy journey and, being in high spirits, he warmed towards the group of talented boys, waiting for him in the old room.

"Come, lads, I'll show thee what I am doing!" he called, as he went with long strides toward the little door.

"So—I forgot to lock it. Well, come hither! 'Tis a good lesson for thee to see a work not yet completed."

The boys reluctantly came, and Antonio last of all, pale and still.

"Ah, the last touches that I made seem to me my best!" cried Rubens. "What thinkest thou, Antonio there? It seemeth to me the arm and face are not the poorest part. I will work a little, lads, that thou mayest watch, for once in a while it teacheth more than all the talk and training in the world."

The boys bowed their gratitude, and exchanged glances that told Antonio they believed that he had succeeded in saving them. But Antonio shook his head.

For some time the room was quiet while the great Master worked on his beautiful canvas and his pupils watched breathlessly. It was a rare privilege, and a moment never to be forgotten by any of them. Then Rubens suddenly uttered an exclamation, and with a simultaneous movement Antonio sprang forward.

"Aye, Master, now thou knowest!" he said and his voice shook unhappily. "Thou seest that my brush-work is not thine, that my skill was not equal to what I tried to do. I damaged thy great work in my folly, daring to look at what was not meant for me to see, and I tried to repair the harm done, for to be turned from thy studio, as I deserved, was more than I could bear."

"Nay, 'twas I knocked the picture over," broke in another boy. "'Twas not thou, Antonio."

"And 'twas I knocked thee over," said the mischievous Gaspard, with tears in his eyes.

"Silence," said Rubens sternly. "Let Antonio answer my questions. Tell me," he went on, in a deep voice. "The face of the Magdalene, this arm of the Madonna—did the picture fall and they were destroyed?"

"Aye, Master."

"I imagine that, having left my door unlocked, thou camest unbidden to see my work?"

Antonio bowed his head till the yellow locks hid his face, and the other boys watched and waited in attitudes of shame and anxiety.

"And then, Antonio Van Dyck, they urged thee to cover the damage, because thou art my first pupil and they had faith in thy power to fool Rubens himself."

Antonio could not answer.

There was a long silence, and then Rubens cast aside his palette and turned his back on his own superb masterpiece. He spread his arms wide, and the ruffles at his wrist flashed in the movement like white wings.

"Come to my arms, lad. Thy great skill and power of painting are all I care for. The folly and the lack of reverence and the fault of all of you are nothing beside it. What brooks it that boys are boys and stop at nothing, be it ever so sacred? But ah, what it means to the world and to an artist to find another artist! Leave us, lads."

They filed out slowly, with backward glances of awe at the beautiful picture glowing in the back-

ground, at the tall, noble Master Rubens, embracing the slim, blue-clad figure of their comrade.

“We shall be allowed to stay,” whispered one.

“Aye,” murmured Gaspard, behind his hand, “because we matter so little he hath forgotten us. I would I were Antonio Van Dyck.”

TITIAN VECELLI'S FIRST PICTURE

Titian (1477-1576) was the most distinguished Italian painter of the Renaissance, and one of the world's greatest figure painters.



A PICTURE CAME TO LIFE ON THE DULL, BARE WALL

VIII

TITIAN VECELLI'S FIRST PICTURE

THERE were two things little Titian Vecelli wanted very much. The first and the one he wanted the most was to put down somewhere, somehow, with his own hand, the beautiful forms and colors that were always in his mind. There was a soft, dim, old fresco in the little village chapel and it was a favorite dream of Titian's to imagine other frescoes on other bare walls, and when he looked out from the hilltop in northern Italy where he lived, and saw the trees and rocks and the small figures of people far below, and the changing lights and shadows, it seemed that his heart would burst if he could not somehow put all this into some bright, beautiful painting.

The other thing he wanted, and which seemed somehow part of the first, was to see Venice—Venice so beautiful, down by the sea, with its domes and towers and streets of water, with its richly-decked nobles and ladies and its gliding gondolas and

carved palaces. He would stand on the wild, rough hillside and, shading his eyes with his brown fingers, he would look toward the sea until he fancied he could almost see the gilded domes and hear the deep bells of Venice.

Sometimes, if you wish hard enough for worthwhile things—wish with all your heart and soul—it helps to bring them about. Little Titian, no matter how busy he was, or how lively about all the everyday things, never ceased to long and hope that the time might come when he should paint a picture and see Venice.

One hot day in spring on his way from school, he clambered up the rocky slope of the hill where he lived and gathered great bunches of wild flowers. This was long, long ago but wild flowers bloomed in Italy then, just as they do now. There were the tall Flowers-of-the-Angels (*Fiori-di-Angeli*) and the lovely little blue harebells; there were flowers like our foxgloves, and purple lilies and a myriad of tiny bright flowers that Italians have a myriad of bright little names for, and I dare say Titian Vecelli knew them all. Some of these small flowers grew close to the ground and were flat and many-colored like a soft bright carpet; others were tall and sway-

ing, and Titian bent and rose, plucking and gathering, holding them tightly in his small, hot hands. A cicada sang in a tree near-by, which meant summer was coming. A cicada is a kind of grasshopper and locust and cricket and katydid rolled into one, with a dry, hot song that begins soft and gets louder and louder and then dies away, and Titian liked to hear it while he gathered the flowers in the hot sun.

He climbed higher and higher and when he reached the shade of the walls of his home, he threw himself down with a grateful sigh and said, "Phew!" just like any hot boy on a hot day anywhere in the world nowadays. He put the flowers down carefully in the shade and then he noticed his hands and sat up and stared. His brown fingers and palms were stained with every kind of color—purple and yellow and green and red and blue. Now it would be interesting to any boy to see that the stems of some Italian wild flowers and blossoming weeds hold juices that stain when they are squeezed hard by strong fingers on a hot day, but to little Titian Vecelli it meant far more, for the sight of the colors sent him dreaming at once. The tints on his hands reminded him of the fresco in the chapel and he rose slowly to his feet and glanced about with eager,

wistful eyes. Nobody was at home and it was very quiet on the hilltop, and the bit of cottage wall near-by seemed waiting for something.

"Now I must paint a picture for myself," he thought. "The flowers have come to help me," and he stood very still for a few moments, very grave and thoughtful for so young a boy.

Then Titian Vecelli set to work, all by himself in the shadow of the cottage wall, squeezing and staining any way that he could with his fingers and a little stick, painting his first picture so many years ago.

The cicada sang, unheeded, and the beautiful flowers drooped, and the family came home and, because they did not see him busy in the shade of the wall, they wondered where he was.

Very slowly on the dull bare wall a picture came to life. Figures seemed to spring out by magic under the small deft fingers of the boy. His cheeks grew hot and his eyes brilliant with the joy of accomplishment. Inside there was bread and cheese and chicken and probably macaroni, but although Titian was a boy, and a very real boy, he forgot to be hungry and forgot everything but the delight of a dream come true.

TITIAN VECELLI'S FIRST PICTURE

He was so very busy that he did not see his father come up behind him and stand with hands upraised in amazement, nor did he see another figure climbing up the hill. This was no other than Signor Rostelli, the teacher of the school where Titian went each day, and neither did the busy young artist know that Signor Rostelli had come to talk seriously to Signor Vecelli about nobody else but Titian himself.

At the top of the steep hill the teacher came to a sudden standstill, folded his arms with a wide sweeping up of his black cloak and stared at the picture growing on the wall, at the boy at work, and at the father watching.

"Aha!" he murmured, "this pleaseth me. This is well. This will help to show his father more clearly all that I have come to say." And he nodded his head and stroked his beard with an air of relief and satisfaction. Then he stood as quietly as Signor Vecelli and watched in silent amazement the picture on the wall growing bit by bit. That held as much beauty and soft color as the wild, bright flowers the boy had gathered on the hillside earlier in the afternoon.

At last when the sun had set, and the cicada was taking a twilight nap, little Titian found that he

could squeeze no more stains from the juicy, aromatic stems, and so with a sigh he backed away to look with rapture at the transformed wall.

"Had I the true colors of a painter, 'twould have more depth," he breathed. "But even so I am happy." And backing farther still he collided into his father and Signor Rostelli who had drawn nearer and nearer. It was like a rude awakening from some glorious dream to Titian, to find his father and the teacher standing there, and to hear their voices bursting forth at once in exclamations and questionings, and much talk about himself that he did not want to hear. By degrees the teacher quieted Signor Vecelli and began to talk alone, holding Titian kindly by the arm and pointing from time to time to the work on the wall.

"It is true," he went on, "that he is not at all a student, that he must always be drawing and that this distracts his fellow students. I came to tell you how it is, but you have seen here for yourself, far better than I could tell it, that he is capable of doing great things. Here with nothing but a rude wall and the pale juices of flowers and weeds, he can do what no other boy can do."

"Aye," interrupted Signor Vecelli with a puzzled

frown. "That is all true indeed and all very well, but to be idle at school is not good, and artist or no artist it displeaseth me."

"But his strength lies here," cried the teacher. "It is well and wise to encourage a talent. Idleness will be left behind when the true powers are allowed to grow."

Titian stood listening to them as they discussed him, but because they were so much older and because he was looking at his picture which his heart and mind were still absorbed in, he did not heed the deep voices very much.

"I have painted a picture and now nothing matters at all," he thought, and it seemed to him that the whole world had changed. Then suddenly he did listen. Signor Rostelli was speaking of Venice.

"It is really your duty, dear Signor Vecelli, to send him to Venice to study painting. There are many artists and studios there and the lad will soon prove to you and to his masters of painting all that he is capable of."

Little Titian became all life and eagerness.

"Father!" he cried, springing closer to him and clasping him by the arm. "Father, I pray and beseech thee, let me go to Venice. I know not why

but, there in Venice, I know that I will work and study. I will become a true artist. Only let me go to Venice!"

"Thou art a strange lad," answered his father gently. So standing there in the gathering dusk on that rough hilltop, it was arranged that he should go.

It was a moonlight night when little Titian Vercelli first saw Venice and that was another wish come true. The towers and the domes and the gliding gondolas were flooded with the light that only an Italian moon can give, and the nobles and the ladies were there, and the deep chiming bells, and beyond it all the wide lagoon—and beyond that the wider sea. It was all as he had hoped it would be.

"Here I shall always live," he whispered to himself, and Signor Rostelli, who had come with him to his new life, watched it all with the same air of satisfaction.

The soft tints of the picture on the cottage wall have long faded and gone as completely as the armful of flowers the dreaming boy gathered so many, many years ago, but to this day in Venice, in its old carved palaces and in its stately churches, stand the great works that Titian painted when he grew to

TITIAN VECELLI'S FIRST PICTURE

be a man—glowing, strong and powerful works, that will never die. And Venice still stands, with its domes and its bells, and remembers Titian forever.

GUIDO RENI, THE LOST MUSICIAN

Guido Reni (1575-1642), the son of an Italian musician, forsook music for painting and became famous for his frescoes and church decorations.



CONSTANCE WHITTEMORE—

HE TOOK THE SHEETS AND TORE THEM TO SHREDS

IX

GUIDO RENI, THE LOST MUSICIAN

THE last sweet notes of a light, high song died away sadly, and little Guido Reni turned away from the harpsichord.

"That is well done," said Signor Reni with satisfaction. "With thy voice and thy face, thy fortune will be easily made. But, stay, what is that thou art hiding away in thy music?"

Guido hung his head till his soft hair fell over his face, and he turned away without answering.

"Nay, speak when thy father questions thee, and do not hide thy face like some shy girl."

Slowly Guido raised his head and looked at his father with an expression of doubt and unhappiness.

"It is what you do not like to see," he said in a low voice. "It is drawings that I have made again."

Signor Reni's long brown hand shot out.

"Every bit of paper then must be taken from thee. What kind of a musician is this, to be always trying at another art! Give over this trash that thou hidest from me."

It was the year 1585 in Italy, when sons were obedient in all things. Signor Reni was a father full of fire, and he was a musician as well, who had the strong emotions of an artist. As he held out his hand his eyes flashed darkly. He took the three sheets of paper from his son and tore them to shreds and scattered them with a gesture of scorn upon the stone floor.

“Ah . . . there! So much for thy drawing!” He pointed at the harpsichord with a most determined forefinger;

“That is thy art—there, Guido, there; and thy voice is thy gift. Music, I say, is all that matters. It is the very soul of life. Thy voice is like the lovely song of a boy angel. When thou art a man it will not be so, but no matter, for by that time I will make thee a musician in all things. Even now the touch of thy fingers on harpsichord and lute is of a rare beauty and delicacy. Let every thought and every hour go only to thy music. Now to work. I go to prepare for the great concert at the Bolignini Palace where I am to assist with bagpipes. Thou art to go too, to turn the pages of my music and also to hear the music for thyself, and see the musicians.”

Guido's face lit suddenly.

"Many students work at the Palace, do they not?" he asked.

"Aye do they," said his father. "Now art thou like thyself." Signor Reni's frown and fierce manner dropped from him, and he flashed a smile of unusual brilliance at his little son. "Music is taught there—other things too—but great musicians teach there and many great players present will be there on the morrow."

He placed his hand kindly now on the boy's shoulder; but Guido seemed to shrink away a little. He took a breath to ask a question, but then flushed and paused and was silent.

"Pretty one," laughed his father, "I have frightened thee with my scolding; but no matter—'tis for the best. Thou shalt wear a velvet suit tomorrow and a golden chain, and it might be, if thou art good, after the concert I will let thee sing a song for the musicians. But now to work . . . practice, practice, keep thy fingers in the correct positions, and after the harpsichord sing thy scales and remember the direct tone of the first note . . . no slurring on the first note."

He walked to the door and then turned with a

swing, and called back: "But be not so sad with thy singing, boy. Verily thou singest like one with a secret sorrow."

He went off laughing down the long stone corridor.

Guido waited until he heard the heavy doorway of their home clang to on its ponderous hinges. Then he turned slowly toward the harpsichord. In the same room close at hand there stood a wooden table with carved legs but a smooth, wide top. A heavy layer of dust had fallen on it, for the music room was too often occupied to receive much attention, and in any case, Italian housekeepers did not resent dust so very much. Little Guido looked at this smooth, soft layer of dust. The scraps of his lost drawings lay scattered forlornly, his paper was gone, but here was a place to draw. His finger paused above the wide table-top, and then bending low he drew an outline on the dusty surface. It was a head and was graceful and lovely, and Guido stared at it for a time with a look of rapture. Then his eyes filled sorrowfully and taking a corner of his palm he smeared the outline into only a meaningless smudge. After that he turned to his work and sad chords rang out dutifully in the lonely room.

But while he practiced, Guido was thinking and hoping just a little. The great concert tomorrow was to be at the Bolignini Palace. The palace was not only a place where musicians came; to it as well came artists and art students. In it was a school for painters, as well as for musicians. It was for all and every kind of artist. Guido knew that, hidden under his bed, he still had a few sketches that his father did not yet know about and so had escaped destruction. The chords on the harpsichord became broken and uneven and finally stopped, as Guido dreamed.

The old town of Bologna was busy. Tomorrow was to be a Festa, and so there was laughter already in the streets. Long banners were being hung from high towers and turrets. Guido awoke from his dreams and peered through the narrow, deep-set window. He would have liked to run out and join in the gay preparations, but there were still the unfinished exercises he must do, for this afternoon his father would hear him again and notice if he had improved.

"No slurring on the first note," murmured Guido, and, turning his back to the window and its gay spectacle, he took a piece of music in his hands.

“Tra la la la la la!” he sang. The high ceiling of the room caught up the notes. His voice was like an angel’s, and Guido himself was not unlike one in appearance with his light hair and dark eyes, but he did not know this or care. Inside he was only an unhappy boy who would rather draw pictures than sing scales, and who wanted to run out and play with other boys; and so the “tra la la la” was one of the saddest songs imaginable.

The day of the great Festa broke bright and gay as a Festa should. Everyone likes sunshine for a holiday, and Italians more than anybody. Even in the north of Italy the sunshine is loved.

The Palace of the Bolignini was decorated more beautifully than any other, for artists know better than anyone else, just how to hang a long, gold banner next to one of azure, and how to float a pinnace into the sky just at the right point of a tower.

Many people clad in their best turned into the wide, arched doorway of the palace, and amongst them came Signor Reni, very handsome in a suit of gold and with a bagpipe under his arm, and with him, clutching tight a little fiddle and a leather portfolio, came Guido, his son. He wore his velvet suit

with a small velvet cap and a gold chain, and there was a deep glow in his big eyes that was not often there. He was a little pale, too, and cast quick, anxious glances from time to time up at his father and clutched his portfolio tightly, as though afraid it might be taken from him.

Signor Reni was welcomed on all sides. Other musicians called out to him, and men with bagpipes began to gather about him, for Signor Reni was to be their leader. They all smiled at Guido and murmured, "*bello ragazzo*," which means beautiful boy. Italians were and are fond of all children, and they especially like a pretty child. They knew also that Guido could sing and play and was to be trained into a musician, so they treated him as one of themselves.

But Guido was beginning to act strangely. He was looking about and peering under the capes and over the bagpipes, and he was hanging behind trying to make a little distance into a big one between himself and his busy father and his fellow musicians. The big room where the concert was to be given was on the third floor of the great palace. As they moved on up the huge stairway they came to the second landing and upon a group of men and youths. The

boys wore smocks and carried neither bagpipes nor harps nor fiddles. They were gathered about two men. One of these men was none other than Prince Boglinini, the head of the family, who owned the great palace; a tall, noble prince, fair as some Northern Italians are, and full of dignity. The other man seemed to be some one of importance. He spoke in a different way from the others. He was in reality a famous Flemish master of painting. He had a palette in his hand, and was showing the young men and the Prince something new and interesting about the colors he had blended upon it. The musicians bowed deeply to the Prince and the artist, but passed on as the hour for the concert was near.

But Guido did not pass on. His father, very much absorbed in talk, did not miss him, and Guido hurriedly slipped in amongst the group of art students and stood listening, his eyes raised to the painter with a look of earnest entreaty.

At first nobody noticed the small stranger who had edged his way amongst them, but after awhile Signor Calvart became aware of some very ardent listener and a pair of large, burning eyes fixed upon him. Glancing down he was struck by the beauty and earnestness of the boy's face.

“Ah!” said Prince Boglinini, following this glance. “This is Signor Reni’s boy. He sings and plays well, and will be a good musician like his father.”

Guido held out his portfolio now with a sudden eager gesture. The other youths watching nudged each other and smiled a little. They wondered why this little musician should dare to speak to the master.

“I pray you,” said Guido in a voice that shook, but was none the less extremely sweet and appealing, “would you not look at my sketches, for I would like so much more to paint than to sing and play. No artist has seen them, and I see by thy palette and hear by what thou sayest that thou art a painter, signor, and will know.”

There was a little murmur of suppressed laughter amongst the students, but the Prince, whom little Guido seemed not to realize was present, only watched attentively, playing with a chain at his throat, and the painter took the portfolio and opened it. Inside were some sheets of music, and carefully hidden amongst them was also a collection of drawings.

Signor Calvart’s eyebrows went up and he said, “Ha!”—and handed one of them to the Prince and

another to the students. There was a general air of surprise and interest. Guido stood waiting very eager and rather frightened too, now that he had realized what he had done.

Above in the palace there came the distant strains of bagpipes and instruments tuning together and making ready. The Prince knew that he was needed to open the concert but he lingered a moment. Signor Calvart put a hand on Guido's shoulder.

"I will speak to thy father of thy talent," he said.

Guido turned pale;

"My father will be angry," he cried. "He wants me only to sing and play, and yet when I am a man my voice won't be as it is now, and I do not care to play as I do to draw."

"We will see what can be done," said the master.

The Prince was moving away.

"Aye, we will see," he said, and moved up the staircase with a kind glance at the group beneath him.

One of the tall youths threw an arm across Guido's shoulders.

"Don't be troubled," he said. "I should not wonder at all with these two to talk to thy father, if thou wilt not yet be one of us and not a musician

at all. And, verily, I believe, Guido, a few lessons will send thee ahead of some of us."

At this moment a young musician appeared calling for Signor Reni's son to come at once, and with a backward look of gratitude and trusting hope Guido hastened to his father.

The concert had begun, and a chorus of gay and triumphant music burst forth as a small figure in green slipped into place to turn the pages for Signor Reni. The musician's dark eyes flashed an angry reproof at Guido for his tardy arrival, but Signor Reni was too absorbed now to notice the air of joyous excitement about his generally wistful son. Where there was music and where there were musicians Signor Reni was happy.

The wild bagpipes were played superbly under his guidance, and never had Bologna or its Prince heard a finer concert in the palace. When it was over the applause was quite overwhelming, for art in every form was understood and loved in Bologna. Italy has loved music always. Signor Reni was presented with a medal amid much bowing and much swirling of fine capes.

But when all was quieting down and the crowds were flocking out into the street, Signor Reni re-

mained to gather the music, and it was then that the Flemish master sought him out. Guido, who had grown silent and downcast fearing that his hopes were to come to nothing, turned eagerly at the sound of the painter's voice.

"We did not hear your boy sing today," said Signor Calvart. "They tell me he is already quite a musician."

This seemed to Guido a strange and unpromising speech. His heart sank and the old wistful look of unhappiness came into his eyes.

"Nay, Signor," bowed back his father, who was in an excellent humor. "The hour was too late and the child was also tardy in joining me. I would not reward him by a display of his talents when he had loitered in being at his post."

The painter drew forth Guido's sketches.

"Signor Reni, I am Calvart, the Flemish artist. It was I who made your little musician late. I have seen some of his drawings. He has great talent . . . much promise. It is my way to take only those for pupils who are worth time and labor, those whom I know to be full of possibility. No doubt Guido can sing delightfully, but he will be a painter and I

most earnestly ask you to allow him to come to me as my pupil."

Guido gave a cry of joy and hid his face. He did not dare to look at his father.

A dark flush mounted to Signor Reni's forehead. He knew well the value of the opinion of the famous man before him. If this master saw something in Guido's scribbblings of worth, then it was there. That was a thing to be believed. But his long, brown hands flew out in a gesture of wild dismay.

"Ah, but we are musicians!" he cried. "We are musicians. He must always play, he must always be a musician and practice his harpsichord. Music is life, Signor. It is the greatest art of all."

"Of that I am not so sure," smiled the painter. "But perhaps Guido can still be a musician. Only"—he paused and spoke with great seriousness—"I would not interfere, Signor, were not I convinced and most earnestly convinced that this child loves to draw and will be most happy and successful in my school." He paused and added with a certain slow emphasis, "Prince Boglinini agrees with me in this."

Signor Reni flashed about to Guido.

"Come hither. Hast heard what is said concerning thee?"

"Aye, sire."

"Wilt thou keep on playing and practicing still, if I allow thee the honor to study under this gentleman?"

Guido agreed at once to practice on anything at all, so long as he could study with the master. His eyes shone like stars.

There was more talk and much arranging, and the Prince was alluded to from time to time by the shrewd Flemish artist; and after a time, when all was settled to his satisfaction, he left them with a parting smile to Guido.

Signor Reni and his son started home together through the gay, flag-filled streets of the holiday-making city. The man was thoughtful and slow of pace, but Guido seemed to dance on his feet.

"Father," he said suddenly, "could I not run yonder to where the boys are at play?"

Signor Reni had been upset by his recent interview, and was glad to be left alone.

"Aye, for a bit of a time," he answered glancing at his new medal and not at his son.

Guido shot off like an arrow from a bow. And

as he ran he sang. His father looked up startled. Never before had Guido burst into song in such a manner. And what a song!—a boy's song, fresh and happy and joyous as the morning.

CLAUDE LORRAIN SEEKS HIS FORTUNE

Claude Gelée (1600-1682), generally called Lorrain, was an influential landscape painter and etcher of the French classical school. His mastery of light and shadow found many imitators.

X

CLAUDE LORRAIN SEEKS HIS FORTUNE

CLAUDE GELÉE held out his hands carefully for the beautiful, towering, white wedding cake.

“Deliver this, my creation, directly and well, boy,” said the pastry cook sternly. “Thou wilt never be a cook thyself—thou hast burnt the ragout of beef and scorched my pies—thou art a ne’er-do-well; but at least thou canst be trusted upon an errand.”

Claude looked up wistfully into the rather fierce face of the great confectioner.

“I will be very careful to do as you have bid me. To bear it safely down the little Rue de Main, then through the two squares of the town to the great house at its back door,” said Claude as if he were saying over a lesson. He shook his head till his brown locks wagged. “It is sad I can not cook. At school I could never win good marks. My mother and father will grieve if I fail here, too. Do—do let me be a good errand boy to you, Monsieur Chef!”

Claude's voice was pleading, and his hopeful smile as he added, "I think I will be an excellent errand boy," had an effect upon Monsieur Gallitin's fierce expression. He placed the wedding cake that towered on its platter in Claude's hands, then he gave his long mustache a tug, and his queer wisp of a beard a jerk, and patted Claude on the head.

"Well, well," he said in French—and in old French, too, for this was in the year 1613, in the old diocese of Toul, in Lorraine, which is part of France—"I hope you will. So go now carefully." And as Claude moved away he muttered, "I can not scold him. He is more bother than help, but he has the smile of heaven." And he made a wild gesture that only French people can make, and returned to the cutting out of some very delicious, star-shaped cookies.

Claude moved slowly and safely along the little Rue de Main. Everybody and especially other children turned to look and admire, for although a light paper guarded the wedding cake, it could still be seen. Claude was anxious to do his errand well, for although people were kind to him he knew that he never did anything right, and it is no fun to fail

when you try so hard not to, even if you are only thirteen years old.

Through the first square he moved on safely, allowing no one to bump into him or disturb him. A boy friend called to him to "Wait," but he shook his head and kept straight on his way. On to the next big square, past the church with the clock tower he proceeded and this was a test, for the clock struck ten just as Claude passed, and he knew that the queer mechanical figures of the old time-piece would come stiffly out of their doors, twirl about, and go in again with a bang.

Just at the corner of the last square, when the gate and chimneys of the great house were in sight, Claude paused a moment to tuck the paper tightly about the cake, and while doing so he rested its none too light weight upon a post. The post stood by a window. It was an art dealer's window, and on the rather dingy glass there was a little clean circle that Claude himself had polished off from time to time on his loitering ways to and from home. When he set the cake on the flat post-top he did not realize he was beside this window, or he would never have paused. In this very window was something that attracted the boy with an overwhelming

force. When he looked at it he forgot all his failures and the sad sad truth that he could not satisfy anyone with anything that he did. It was a picture, a funny old picture, really not a good picture at all. It was a scene of out of doors with unreal trees and a ruin, and a distant mountain and lake, and all of it was bathed in a curious radiance of light.

It was this light and the mystery it cast upon the curious, badly-painted picture that pleased the cook's young assistant. It seemed to calm and delight him, and to lift his spirit into a happier world where schools or kitchens and all doubts could no longer trouble him.

As he tucked the paper tighter around the big cake on this morning, his eyes sought the picture with a great longing, and the little clean spot in the window seemed to be waiting for him. He could only half see the picture from where he stood.

"For one second only," he whispered, and setting the cake more safely on the post he dashed to the window. Cupping his hands on either side of his face to shut out the world, and with it wedding cakes, he stared with all his might at the magical friendly landscape bathed in a light of mystery.

As usual he was happy at once and everything

was right. He even felt convinced that from now on whatever he did he would do well, and that his parents would say, "We are very proud of our Claude at last!"

It was only a very few moments that poor little Claude Gelée stared into the shop window, but when he turned about with a radiant smile to rush onward with his errand, the top of the post was empty and the gorgeous wedding cake was gone.

For a while he hunted about and called out aloud, "Someone has taken my cake!" but people only laughed at him, and nobody seemed to know or care anything about it one way or another. Claude did not know how to be wise and practical, or he might have gone to the guard of police for help. Whoever had stolen the cake had made a very easy and complete job of it by the time the poor boy had come to a standstill and fought his tears with a pale face and tightened lips. He clenched and unclenched his fists and looked about him desperately. He knew that he could never go back to his work with the pastry cook again, and he knew that since this was the case, he could not bear to face the sorrow of his mother and father. Boys had been known to run away and find their fortunes. He would have

to run away. That was all that was left for him to do. He was growing tall and should be a help, and instead he had failed again.

He did some hard thinking as he stood empty-handed in the Square. The smoke rose from the chimneys of the great house, and the clock in the tower went through its quaint ceremony at the quarter hour unheeded, for Claude was busy forming a desperate plan.

The words of a friend older than himself came back to him.

"Leave your pies, lad, and come away with us who are going adventuring," Jacques had laughed. "Everyone is saying we are of no use, so we are off to enjoy life and to work as we please in our own way. Thou art young but hast a pretty manner which will win us friends. 'Tis better to wander by day in the fields of sunshine, and to sleep under the stars, than to cook all day and sleep under a roof all night dreaming of burnt pastries."

"To wander by day in the fields of sunshine!"

This phrase awoke a faint hope. He turned for one moment to cast a farewell look at the fatal landscape and then ran headlong into his new adventure.

It proved a very strange adventure indeed. The

reckless crew of young men and boys made him welcome enough, but Claude felt sad and lonely as they started away at dusk and wandered on and on by unknown and secret pathways, farther and farther away from all that was dear and familiar and safe, moving in the direction of another land called Italy.

It is true that he rejoiced in the freedom of life in the sunshine and open air, and that to sleep under the stars was strange and beautiful, but as the days drifted by, Claude as the youngest was given—instead of lighter tasks—more than his share. They would ask him to beg at back doors for food.

“The peasant women will like thy pretty face,” they would say, and when there was need of water or wood, the others would loll at ease and send their smallest traveler to haul and gather. Even his friend Jacques would call him “little one,” and ask him to do this and that quite as a matter of course; and when food was scarce which was often, his portion was in proportion to his size.

In his eager way to please he did all that they asked of him, and was sorrowfully content that they were satisfied, but as he grew more tired from the homeless wanderings he disliked more and more the

ignominious begging for bread, and as the dews were heavy, the wood he gathered was not always dry and the fires would not burn. Then they began to scold him, and Claude lying on the ground at night, too tired to sleep, would cry with his arm across his eyes so that he could not see the stars.

Their long journeys brought them at last into Italy and into more beauty and sunshine. Now and then some ruin bathed in light, or a delicate dim mountain, reminded him of the queer old picture in the shop at home, and he would stand and gaze until someone would give him a shove and tell him to be about something; for lazy and shiftless people are always anxious that other people should be busy.

The group of wanderers was growing daily more indolent and also more quarrelsome. They began to steal on a larger scale, as they wished for horses to ride upon, to rest their tired feet, and they began to steal food instead of to beg for it; and as Claude was small and light they would send him on these dishonest and furtive errands. He would fail because his heart was not in it, and then they would give him black looks and no supper, and so things went on from bad to worse.

One dark night the lights of Genoa came into view.

"Thou art no use to us, lad," said the leader of the band of loafers. And like a poor stray kitten they dropped Claude Gelée beside the road.

Jacques, to be sure, handed him a parcel of bread and fruit, and advised him to hurry on to the city, but as the sound of hoofs and voices gradually faded away, and Claude stood alone in the big night in a foreign country, he had another hour of despair far worse than the morning that the wedding cake had been stolen.

"And even amongst such idlers as these," he cried bitterly, "I am of no use! Even they do not want me! Nothing goes well with me, nothing."

But deep down in this poor, struggling, unhappy Claude's heart there seemed to be something stronger than himself, something that made him stumble on in a determined way toward the distant lights of the old Italian city by the sea.

The next morning he wandered pale and hungry through the streets of Genoa. The large buildings and palaces overwhelmed him, and the great ships putting out to sea in the harbor beneath filled him with new longings. However, when someone spoke

to him he turned with a smile of hope. A tall man in a cloak, and in a hurry too, questioned him in Italian and then in French.

"My boy has left me, and I have much work that I must finish. There are brushes and palettes to be cleaned, and there is also food and shelter which thou needst as much as I need a helper. I like thy face. Come quickly."

The Italian artist led him into a big room with huge windows on one side. There were bright tapestries and draperies and glowing pieces of copper, there were canvases and easels and soiled brushes and palettes, and the smell of paint and all the charm and disorder of a studio.

A hot drink and plenty of bread and cheese and honey restored the tired Claude to life. He at once began his new work with anxious eagerness, dreading that he might not please his new master.

For a time all went well, and Signor Agostino Tassi liked Claude and even loved him. Seeing the boy's interest in his painting, he gave him lessons now and then in drawing, but bit by bit Claude began to forget the soiled brushes and to be always drawing, and although the artist had become in-

terested in his pupil, he had great need of his studio cleaner.

Sometimes life is sad and difficult and hard to understand. Claude had failed at school and he had failed at cooking, and now it began to appear that he was to fail as a cleaner of studios. As the weeks passed the Signor Tassi grew impatient. He was a busy man and it was trying to a degree to find his bottle of valuable oil broken and his palette left too near the fire, with its paints dried to nothing, to find the studio unswept, and Claude gazing at a canvas or dreaming at the clouds that he could watch from the skylight. Claude was of little use to him, and one day he told him so.

"I fear, lad," he said gravely, "that thou must find work elsewhere. I am to meet some friends today and I will make inquiries. But I fear, too, thou art a poor worker in most things. I do not understand. Art thou a ne'er-do-well, my child? I will pay thee when I return, and do what I can, but I must find another boy to clean and help me."

He went away hurriedly banging the heavy door behind him without a backward glance, and Claude sank down upon a wooden stool as if he were made

of lead. He buried his flushed face in his two hands with a miserable sense of failure.

"I am lost," he said bitterly. "It is all true. I never do well. Now what will become of me? I am of no use. It is black night with me."

The studio was very quiet. A shaft of golden light drifted in where the artist had drawn aside the huge brown window draperies. It touched Claude's arm with a warm and comforting brightness. He raised his head and in a kind of sad dream gazed upwards at the long golden ray. He remembered the queer old painting in the shop at home, and something like a faint tingle of joyous memory stirred in him. He drew an easel and canvas to him, and taking his master's brushes and colors he tried to make a copy of his old friend the picture to ease his unhappy heart. He knew nothing of painting and little of drawing, and the ruin and the lake and the mountain were not well done, but the sunshine of his wanderings and the sunshine perhaps of his own sweet nature, and the unshed tears at his failure, seemed to steal into his landscape and fill it with an exquisite light and mystery. A misty, sorrowful sunshine. At sight of this radiance that came slipping from his untrained brush, something awoke in-

side his heart and sang. He painted on with growing eagerness and delight.

Signor Tassi, returning with a slow step and sorrowful thoughts about his careless lad, paused in the doorway and stared. A newly-born Claude turned to him with a smile of pride.

"I think," he cried hurrying toward his master, "I think, nay I truly believe, I can do this better than anything else. Let me stay and clean your things, Signor. Something tells me that now that I can do one thing well, I will do all things better. Let me stay and when you can spare me, let me paint more fields and mountains, more strange sunshine and much, much more light."

Although he spoke with pleading, there was a dignity and courage in him that had never been there before.

"Bide thou here," said Signor Tassi abruptly, and he drew nearer to the canvas and stood in silent thought; then he turned to Claude with a quiet gleam in his eyes. "Aye, bide thou here. I was wrong about thee. We are all bad workers until we find the true, God-given use we are meant for. This light, the beautiful serenity in this canvas, shines out above thy faults and ignorance of workman-

ship, as thy smile shines out above thy failures. I love thee, lad, for thy heart which is good, and for what I see here, my fellow artist. So bide thou here, Claude of Lorraine."

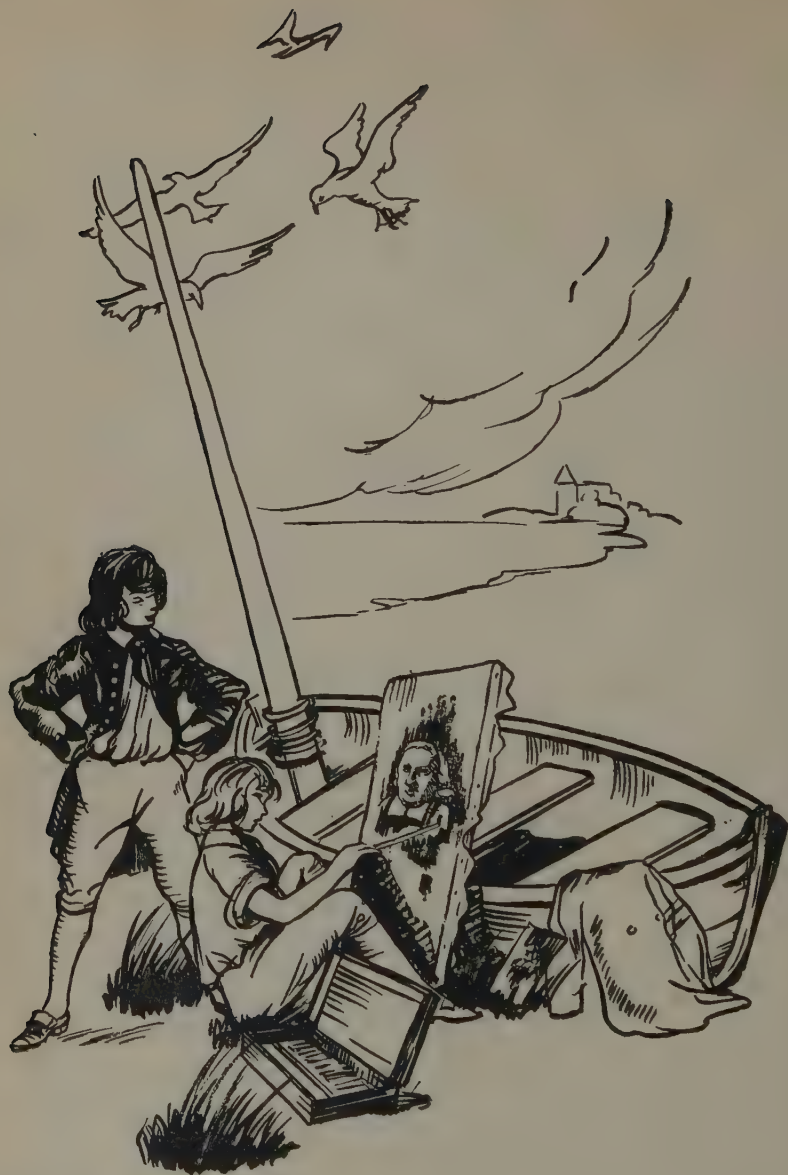
The bells in a near-by tower chimed out a sudden peal of merry music, as if to waft the good news home to France.

So Claude Gelée remained in Italy to work and learn, and as his fame grew and his landscapes became known to all, they called him Claude Lorrain.

There is a story that not only were his parents and his teacher at the school at home made proud of him, but that a great chef received a present that equalled hundreds of wedding cakes, and that he pulled his queer mustache and jerked his sharp beard, and made a wild gesture as only a Frenchman can do when he is greatly moved.

JOSHUA REYNOLDS WINS A WAGER

Sir Joshua Reynolds (1723-1792) is generally considered the father of modern British portrait painting.



CONSTANCE WHITEHORE

THE TWO FRIENDS STUDIED THE PICTURE

XI

JOSHUA REYNOLDS WINS A WAGER

IT was Sunday morning at Plymnton Earle in Devonshire, and the bell of Maker's Church rang merrily. The time was two hundred years ago, but all boys—as they do now—put on cleaner collars than usual on Sunday morning. Joshua Reynolds and his friend and playfellow, Dick Edgecombe, were wearing the whitest turn-overs that could be found in all England.

The Edgecombes were people of rank and fashion, and Dick, quite aware of this, was a trifle inclined to feel a bit superior to Joshua, and to show it in small ways. Joshua admired Dick, for he was handsome and gay and always ready for adventure; but Joshua stubbornly held his own, for was not his father a minister and school teacher? The Reynolds were as good as anybody, even the Edgecombes!

As the two boys walked side by side back of the older people, they were in high spirits and not a little restless at the prospect of the long and serious service ahead of them.

"And I say," said Dick making a face, "Old Smart is to preach today, and if his sermons are as dull as his lessons, it will be hard work to sit still."

The poor Mr. Smart in question was their tutor, and it was his not easy task to teach them Latin and mathematics, history, and many other things. It is only fair to his memory to say that the boys were not altogether just to the hard-worked man, and that he was neither especially old nor dull.

"I will fidget as if I were on pins and needles," said Joshua, wrenching the stiff collar at his neck, and poking his head about. "If only it were right to read a book!"

"Aye, or draw a picture," interrupted Dick with a queer grin that seemed to suggest something not altogether complimentary.

"Yes, as to that, to draw a picture would be even better."

Joshua jerked this out in a round, determined tone, getting even rosier than the fresh English air had already made him.

"I truly believe you fancy yourself an artist, Joshua," mocked Dick.

"I am, I tell you!"

Dick laughed aloud. The older people about to

enter the church doorway looked back reprov- ingly, and the boys lowered their voices.

"Have you a pencil with you today, Josh?"

"Yes, I always have a pencil and a piece of paper with me, Dick."

Dick Edgecombe bent nearer.

"I'll make a wager with you. If you can draw old Smart while he is preaching, and let him not see you and yet make it look like him, really like him, Josh, not just fancy nonsense, I'll . . ."

"You'll what?" asked Joshua hurriedly, for they were now close to the church and the bell seemed to be ringing through them. Joshua felt like some piece of metal himself, that was vibrating to the rhythmic clanging. It struck Joshua Reynolds too that the conversation was out of place and it was no time for wagers, but Dick had a way of making things interesting at all times.

"I'll give you my knife, the new one."

"Nay, that is all very well," Joshua answered in his ear. "I will probably take the knife, but I will never be satisfied until you say I am an artist, and not only *say* it"—he added with a little shake of his friend's clean-cut shoulder—"but *mean* it, Dick!"

"I can't say when that will happen," answered

Dick with a slow wag of his head. "Some time I might think you an artist, or again I might not. That is a very uncertain matter, indeed. But the knife is a positive fact, if the sketch looks like Mr. Smart."

"I'll win the knife, but what is more," and Joshua spoke in an odd, grim way, "before the sun sets tonight you'll believe in me."

They now took the caps from their heads and grew silent, for they were about to go up the aisle of Maker Church. It is not to be imagined that because of their wager made at the moment of entering the Sunday service, that they were not good English churchmen. They were quiet enough now and reverent too, for they were fond of the building and all that it stood for. They went on tip-toe to their seats, their Sunday shoes creaking not a little, and their heads held high to avoid the scraping of their stiff collars. Joshua Reynolds was a handsome boy, as was also his friend, Dick Edgecombe, and they made a pleasant picture as they sat side by side, their rosy faces raised attentively to Mr. Smart's rendering of the service.

But in Joshua's heart there was a sense of hurt and unrest, that even the hymns and prayers could

not subdue. He wanted Dick to understand that he had a talent, and that it was a serious thing to him, and not a thing to joke about and grin about. Very much in earnest about this subject, Joshua wished to prove himself to his friend.

The congregation was absorbed and devout. The bonnets of the women turned to the front without a flicker, and the men's wide shoulders and fair faces were as still as if cut of stone.

As Mr. Smart, not in the least the tutor just now, but altogether a preacher, mounted into the high pulpit for his sermon, Joshua took his pencil and paper from his pocket and glanced at Dick, who gave a swift sideways glance at his friend, and then riveted his gaze upon the minister. He was, for all his laughter, rather eager that Joshua should be able to sketch the tutor, and it seemed to him that if he showed a rather more than attentive front Joshua might the better work unnoticed.

Joshua now propped his pad on the pew in front of him. It was necessary for him to study the preacher earnestly, and to note his expressions, and, therefore, Joshua appeared also absorbed in Mr. Smart.

In reality, although the latter spoke extremely

well, if at great length, the two boys heard not a single word. He made an interesting subject for a sketch, which was of necessity very small. Joshua took delight in the raised eyebrows and in the determined outline of the mouth of the preacher. As Mr. Smart warmed to his theme, his face became far more expressive than it had ever been in the hours of Latin and mathematics, and Joshua, busy and intense, became equally animated and expressive, frowning when Mr. Smart frowned and raising his eyebrows when Mr. Smart raised his. This struck Dick as rather unfortunate, for it was almost as if Joshua were imitating the preacher in a manner not quite respectful. However, fortunately, both the congregation and Mr. Smart were too carried away by the seriousness of the occasion to notice Joshua Reynolds and his extraordinary imitation of all that crossed the preacher's face.

Joshua's pencil worked with skill and deliberation, and by the time the sermon had reached a climax, and still another climax, and finally came to a satisfactory finish, Joshua was able to put the last touches to his sketch and to tuck it away swiftly and quietly in his hymnal, and to rise calmly now but with a

look of extreme exhilaration and pleasure on his face.

Once more the big bell rang its vibrating tunes, and out streamed the congregation.

"I will meet you this afternoon at the beach," said Joshua. "And you had better bring the knife with you."

"I think you have won it," said Dick, "but after all, it's a very small sketch, Josh, not a portrait, you know. If you could do a large portrait, now, I'd begin to think you an artist, after all."

"Well, the sun isn't down yet," cried Joshua, quite beside himself that this wretched Dick could not or would not show him the respect owed to him. "And if you knew anything about these things you'd know by this sketch that I am to become a painter."

"I haven't really seen it yet."

Dick was now needed to pay his respects to various older members of the church, so he was talking over his shoulder and moving away.

"I'll bring the knife, you know, but I'll have to see the sketch more carefully to decide what I really think of it."

They were separated now by various bonnets and shawls, and by the world of older people which de-

manded respectful attention, so Joshua had to stifle the excitement his work had thrown him into and give time to good manners. He kept his book carefully and tightly tucked under his arm throughout the exchange of Sunday greetings.

It was still early in the afternoon when Joshua Reynolds and Dick Edgecombe met down on the beach that edged the world at Plymnton Earle. It was a spot both boys took delight in. There were a few old boats drawn up upon the shingle, and the pleasant flap-flap of the water upon the bottoms made a lazy accompaniment of sound. Sea-birds flew over from time to time, screaming or piping as only sea-birds can, and there was a smell of rushes and salt in the wind.

As a rule, Joshua would lie on his back for a while, regardless of sharp stones or prickly weeds, given up entirely to the quiet and freshness of the place; but on this afternoon he was restless and eager to prove his mettle. The sun was journeying to the West, and the mere winning of a knife was nothing to him. He carried with him a box of paints and brushes, for he had formed a plan during the hour of dinner and separation from Dick.

He was the first to arrive upon the scene and he at once began upon a curious activity.

The sail, a tattered and ancient one of a boat that had evidently been abandoned, seemed to be of great importance to Joshua. His own old pocket-knife, a dull and rusty affair that had grown almost useless from too hard a life, had to be put to work for want of a better. He began to hack and chop the piece of old canvas away from the broken mast. Dick, at last arriving, stood staring at his friend with a look of amazement at this extraordinary Joshua.

"What are you doing?" he asked, always eager for something new.

"Help me," said Joshua tugging away. "Can't you help me, Dick? Whether you mean to give me the new knife or not, at any rate use it now. I am going to make a canvas and paint a portrait. These paints were given me, but I have no large canvas, so we must make one right away. I mean to paint Mr. Smart at once upon it, and paint him large and life-like before the sun goes down."

Dick gave a long whistle.

"And why must you do that, Josh?"

"Why? Is your memory so weak, Dick Edgecombe, that you forget I told you, this morning, I'd

prove to you what I believe of myself? It's true that the sketch is very small and, I suppose no one can call himself an artist until he has done his first portrait. So help me, Dick, for this old knife is of as much use as a woman's embroidery scissors."

"Oh, never mind all that about whether you are a painter or not," growled Dick. "Let me have the sketch, and I'll give you the knife, and then we'll go for a scramble."

But Joshua only kept on with his tuggings and rippings and finally Dick took a hand too and helped him get the canvas free of the mast.

"Now I'll fasten it tight on this old window-frame that lies here," said Joshua. "I have nails and a hammer, for I planned it while I ate my beef."

"You are a queer fellow," said Dick, who had grown for some reason rather solemn. It seemed to him strange that Joshua should plan this thing right in the middle of an excellent dinner, and that the new knife should mean so little to him.

"Here now is the sketch," Joshua drew it from the book, and Dick snatched it from him with more eagerness than good manners.

"It's old Smart, and that's a fact," said Dick. "How did you do it like that, Josh? Just such a

little drawing, and yet there he is with that look of his eyes and mouth, and you were looking exactly like him while you drew him. I had hard work not to laugh."

He shut the bright blades of the sharp new knife and tossed it to his friend.

"It's yours, my lad. You can draw a pencil sketch as well as anybody; but a portrait now . . .?"

Dick laughed, a long and hearty laugh that startled a gull and sent him off his path above their heads.

"If you mean to daub away here until the sun sets, I'll have to sleep or take a walk and come back later. Or do you want me to sit and admire and hold your brushes, my Master of Arts?"

"Do as you please, Dick," said Joshua, flushing. "I mean to paint my picture for the pleasure of painting it. As for you and your opinion, I begin to doubt if it is worth a snap of my fingers."

There was something in this speech that impressed Dick Edgecombe vastly. He regarded Joshua earnestly for a moment. Joshua had turned his back, and, setting the sketch up firmly beside the large and roughly-put-together canvas, was begin-

ning to work at once, without a glance in Dick's direction.

"Don't talk to me," said Joshua. "I do not wish to be bothered."

Dick Edgecombe walked slowly away along the rocky edges of the beach, whistling at first, and then grew silent and sat down at a distance. Chin in hand he stared out over the water in a manner that was desolate and weary.

What was this painting that Joshua Reynolds felt so strongly about? It had never seemed to him possible that his chum should be in such extreme earnest, all of a sudden, about becoming an artist.

Meanwhile, Joshua worked as he had never worked before. It was his first portrait and he found it a difficult and absorbing task. It could, of course, be only a sketch on a larger scale, for a true portrait can not be too hastily thrown together. But the little pencil sketch was an excellent guide to his memory, and Mr. Smart began to appear again on the ship sail, large and life-like and full of a certain vigor and personality, in spite of some marked faults in the untrained brush of young Joshua Reynolds.

The water kept up its quiet flapping, and the sun crept slowly downward to the low horizon. A cool

breeze at length sprang up, and the boats began to bob about on brisker waves, and the reeds stirred and rustled, sending out an even stronger tang of salt and marsh.

As the big red ball sank out of sight, Joshua set down his brushes and paints, and stepped backward from his first portrait. He had forgotten all about Dick Edgecombe.

For some time Dick had sat staring out to sea, but after that he had come back softly, and had been standing not far off watching the new image of Mr. Smart turn from its first rough stage into a more finished and complete likeness.

The two friends now stood studying the picture, Joshua oblivious of everything but his work, and Dick unusually solemn and humble in his bearing, as he studied his friend's back with a certain air of doubt.

"Josh," he said presently.

Joshua Reynolds started and wheeled about sharply.

"Oh, it's you, Dick," he said. "I'd forgotten."

It did not do Dick Edgecombe any harm to be forgotten. He stood with a remarkably nice expression of wistfulness on his usually mocking face,

and then he pointed to the picture on the old ship's sail.

"Of course," he said, "I realize that what I think matters nothing at all to you, Joshua lad; but—well, it's hard to say it so you won't take it as meaning I know much about such things,—but that seems to me the work of a——"

"Of a what?" asked Joshua eagerly.

"Of someone who will some day be an artist—a very fine artist indeed."

"Who is an artist right now and today," said Joshua proudly; "even if he hasn't studied enough to be a finished one."

Dick's old grin suddenly flashed out.

"You know best," he said. "But, Josh, think of Old Smart having two pictures made of himself in one day—and by a real artist!"

Many years afterward, Dick Edgecombe was proud to continue to boast of his friend, Joshua Reynolds.

"Aye," he would say, very serious indeed, "a wonderful artist is Sir Joshua Reynolds, a fine portrait painter, and worthy to be the head of our new and great London Academy!"

WHAT THE TREES SAID TO JEAN COROT

Jean Baptiste Corot (1796-1875) was a French landscape painter who delighted in trees and flowers.



CONSTANCE WHITEHEAD

"HE'S A DREAMY CREATURE, TOO, AND WILL NEVER
MAKE A REAL SHOP-KEEPER"

XII

WHAT THE TREES SAID TO JEAN COROT

THERE had been no time at all that day to step to the back door of the shop, and to listen to the whispering secret voice of the solitary poplar tree.

Monsieur Lamin was away on a journey, and there was no one but the boy Jean to attend to the business. The front door of the shop had opened and banged all day to a steady flow of customers, quite as if there had been a plot made to test the abilities of the youthful assistant.

Now as the long hard day was nearly over, Jean measured out twelve yards of black alpaca. He wrapped the ugly piece of stuff carefully, but his fingers fumbled on the string and the customer frowned at the delay. After that, she stood wrangling over the price, declaring that other shops sold the same quality for a sou less. She was a gaunt woman and Jean thought that the black material

made into a frock and hung upon her bony frame would make a most depressing spectacle.

French people are thrifty and careful—afraid that a mere boy might make mistakes and spoil their bargains; so there had been much haggling and arithmetic necessary that hot day in the shop. Poor Jean's head ached and when the woman continued to fuss, he held tightly to the edge of the counter and told her in a voice that shook with repressed irritation, that the price could not be changed. At last she went away flapping out the door like some scarecrow.

Jean sighed with relief to see her go, but still his eyes wandered about the deserted shop with a look of dissatisfaction. He thought it dull and ugly, and a sense of rebellion and unhappiness sat heavy on his heart.

"Of course," he murmured, "I must make a living, but I wish my father had not sent me here. The people are dull and pick out all the ugly colors, and they care only to get something for nothing. The work isn't hard, and yet by night I am so very weary of it all."

Glancing across the street, he saw Pierre, the

son of another merchant, leave his shop whistling and gay.

"Now why can't I be like that?" thought Jean Corot.

A dingy little mirror on the wall showed him his own tired face. There were rings about his eyes and there were little sensitive lines around his mouth, a line for every impatient word that had been flung across the counter that day.

The account book waited on the desk. He must see that the gains of the day were set down and added correctly.

He perched on the high stool and set to work, running his fingers through his hair. The figures danced before him in a vague, unmeaning way. The evening breeze was stirring the poplar tree behind him, and he could hear its voice through the open door.

He knew every slim line of the tree's branches, and he knew how it could turn into a lovely dripping thing in the rain, or into a silver mist when the wind blew. He had seen it too at night, with the stars caught in its delicate foliage. Once he had seen a crescent moon hung above its pointed top. And its voice was always whispering as if it would like

to tell him something. But what the tree said had nothing whatever to do with accounts, and as Monsieur Lemin was to be home by noon of the next day it was necessary to balance them. Nothing was adding up as it should, and each time brought a different result, so Jean rose and thrust the book in his pocket, where it lay like lead.

"I will take it to my room where I can not listen to anything, and then it will all come right," he said aloud.

He looked out the lonely tree and thought it looked desolate in the walled tight space where it lived. And he closed the shop for the night and went up to the bedroom where he lived nowadays. He wondered sadly if growing-up was all to be like this. School days had not been easy, but they had been better than being a shop-keeper's assistant.

However, he set himself to work upon the last task of the evening, and finally the long rows of figures submitted to his will-power and righted themselves.

He cooked his lonely supper, ate it without much appetite and fell asleep into uneasy dreams. A tall figure in a black dress seemed to scold him and accuse him of cheating, and he dreamt that his master

came back and, pointing to the account book, said: "Behold you have made a dreadful mistake. Get out of my sight!"

When the first rays of morning light began to steal into his room Jean awoke with a start. He felt tired and unrefreshed, and the thought of the day's work ahead was not a cheerful one. He splashed cold water in his face and glancing at the clock that ticked loudly in the hall, he came to a swift decision.

"There are several hours before the shop must be open," he said to himself. "I will take a walk in the country and see if that will not make something better out of me."

The town was very quiet, only a few others were stirring, and Jean wondered if they were like himself and had not slept well, and were amusing themselves a little now before the work of the day.

He hurried on through the lonely streets until he came to where the houses grew fewer and fewer and finally disappeared, and instead of streets there was merely a rough road and a pleasant meadowland.

From this point on, the grave young shop assistant turned into a very different person. His eyes

brightened and he walked with a swing that finally quickened to a trot and then into a run.

It was still before sunrise, and the mists of morning were drawn softly across the distant trees and grassy slopes. Jean's heart fairly sang at the sight of this fresh and lovely world so different from the hot and ugly shop. He ran and raced as a growing boy should, climbing fences and leaping over ditches until he stood in a meadow with a grove of lovely trees. Here he threw himself down regardless of the heavy dew and the wet spun cobwebs, and looked about him with delight.

The sun rising back of the town began to brighten the world, and the trees stepped out of the mist. Jean wished that some gay company of people might troop out from the mist as well, and, taking hands, dance in a ring to greet the morning. A wind in the leaves whispered over his head, and he sighed to think of the poor poplar shut within walls.

"I believe I know now what it says," said Jean, and fell into deep thought.

He remembered the walks an old friend and he used to take, when he had lived in the village and went to school there. Old Monsieur B—— would come for him in the evening after school, and they would

wander away by the river; and although they were quiet because of the great difference in their ages, Jean had been very happy. He realized now that he had always been happy when he was out-of-doors, with the sky and the trees and lovely things to look at. Yes, that was it. To look at lovely things and to think them into his heart and not to be filled with the thoughts of the shop—of barter and gain. . . . He did not see yet what he could make out of all this, but gradually as he lay under the green boughs of the big trees on this early morning he began to feel a secret joy and hope. Would the time come when he would be a man and could really live as he wished? And in what way could he tell the secret of his heart? How whisper it day by day like the trees?

He folded his arms under his head and dreamed, forgetting the shop, and alpaca and accounts. He was beginning to listen to the meaning of life, and the voice of the trees was helping him, for Nature has a way of talking about what is in our hearts.

It was peaceful and fresh under the trees and the sunlight had quickly dried the dew. Here was a better place to sleep than it had been through the long, restless night.

When the hour came for the shop to open, two early and prompt customers knocked at its locked door and gazed with indignant dismay at its still-shuttered windows. The woman had found a flaw in her goods and had brought the piece back, and a man had come to do some shopping for his wife.

"That's what Monsieur Lemin gets for leaving a mere boy in charge of his place," they said to each other. "And he's a dreamy creature, too, and will never make a real shop-keeper in this world." "He tried to sell me a bad piece of alpaca." "My wife will be angry that I am so slow."

They made quite a noise and hub-bub talking it over, and when at last Jean came running, rosy and eager and a very different creature from the night before, they gave him disapproving looks and followed him into the shop with muttering and scolding.

He gave the woman a new and better piece of material, and smiled rather vaguely at her complaints. He waited on the man with a smiling face and light step, and the two disgruntled people gradually grew silent for he seemed completely indifferent to their scoldings. They went off quickly for, like most cross, dreary people, the sight of a happy spirit troubled and baffled them.

No one else was out for early shopping as yet. Jean Baptiste stepped to the back door and flung it wide. He ran out and clasped the trunk of the poplar tree with his arms. It felt cool and kind and alive; he knew that at last he could understand its voice. It had been telling him that some day he would throw away the life in the shop, and that the out-of-doors and all its glad beauty would mean more to him than all the yards of dress material in the world. He did not know yet that he would be an artist, but he knew that, like the poplar tree, he was living in too small a place, and that in his heart was a secret.

"Some day," he said with a joyous sense of hope, "I am going to be happy."

The poplar tree swayed a little as if it bowed and understood, as if it knew that this was true and that this boy, who stood looking upwards, would catch the very spirit of the trees, and of the sky and the mists of morning. He would grow up to paint these things with utter beauty and would give them to the world to love.

JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET AND THE OLD
PEASANT ·

Jean François Millet (1814-1875), a French genre and landscape painter, excelled in his delineation of peasant types.



CONSTANCE WHITE-MORE

JEAN'S CRAYON BEGAN TO WORK

XIII

JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET AND THE OLD PEASANT

IT was the busiest month of the year in the fields, so Jean told the curé that he must leave his lesson early. The curé was sorry and so was Jean, for he was learning fast, and he liked his Latin and the words of the great poet, Virgil. But his father needed him, and he was proud to be old enough and big enough to work beside him. His father had not taught him Latin or things from books, but he had shown him how to gather in the grain and to plow and sow, and he had pointed out other things to him, the beauty of the lines of a tall tree, the shadows cast by the clouds across the wide lands; and he had told him to listen to the deep tone of the sea as it came from the distant coast.

So Jean François said good-bye to the scholarly curé and ran off through a wide dusty field, across another and another, and so came in sight of the field of harvest where everyone was at work. Everyone, that is, but the old grandfather Millet,

who was not quite strong enough these days, and lay under a tree with his worn, three-cornered hat tipped over his eyes. It was the very same hat that he had used to punish Jean when he had been a very little boy. Jean smiled to think those days were over, but he could still seem to feel the flapping of the old hat upon him, when he had been naughty and wayward with his good old grandfather.

Jean placed his Latin book carefully on a clean stone, and with it a piece of drawing charcoal and a block of paper that he carried always with him. He had a busy life, but there were odd moments when he could set down on paper a bit of field or a passing team as he saw it. Today, though, there was no time to draw. He rolled up the sleeves of his smock like every other peasant boy, and tossing the hair from his forehead he joined the other figures, bowing and rising, moving and pausing, working with as much steady vigor as the rest.

Nobody talked or sang. They were rather silent, these farm hands of Normandy. His father called some orders now and then in a good clear voice, and his mother and the grandmother, who on account of the rush of work had left their spinning for a

day, stood for a moment to rest their backs and to wave a greeting to Jean François.

It was steady work and the sun was hot. By noon everyone was glad to rest and scatter under the shade of the trees that edged the farm fields. The Millet women went in doors, while Jean and his father sat down on the ground and ate their lunch, washing it down with deep draughts of cold water from a near-by well.

"How go your lessons, lad?" asked the elder Millet, looking at his son with a quiet gleam of pride.

"They go well, father, at last."

"I am glad. There is much work in this old world, but I hope for you there may be more time to think than I have had."

The big ruddy man stretched himself on his back, and after looking at the clouds above his head with dreamy pleasure, drifted into a well-earned sleep.

It was quiet in the fields. The sea in the distance made a background of a line of blue. The little village of Gruchy snuggled in its trees forming a pretty silhouette of spire and roof and foliage.

Jean took his book and studied the pictures in it, as he lay on the ground with it propped before him. They were old engravings and there was no

color, but he liked the strong lines and studied them earnestly, a slight frown of concentration on his smooth forehead.

He knew nothing whatever about pictures, and he had traveled nowhere and knew nothing of the rest of the world. He raised his eyes toward the distant ocean and thought of the whole wide world beyond. And then he laughed contentedly.

"It is good enough for me as it is," he said to himself. "I like it all, every bit of it, and I don't care to go away. I wonder why I like it, the fields and the barns and the work and the whole of it."

His eyes fell on a line of poetry in his book. He had been over it that morning with the curé so it was as clear to him as if it had not been in Latin, but in his native French language.

"It is the hour when the great shadows descend toward the plain."

He read the words slowly to himself over and over, for they struck him as beautiful and familiar, like his own life and his own country. The great poet of long ago had loved wide fields too, and the light of noon and the coming of evening over them. He had known what it was to work in the soil and to live under the sky, but what was more wonderful

to Jean François, he had been able to put it all into poetry, and now after so many years had come and gone, here was he a boy in another land, in other fields, reading of what this man had seen and known.

“I would like in some way to tell about all this,” he thought, “so that other boys in other lands, years from now, could know all this as I do. I can draw a little, but not enough. I never draw the people. I must begin. I must learn to draw all of it, the people and the work and the fields and the whole thing. I must try to paint this just as Virgil was able to write it. It would be the same if I could paint it half as wonderfully as he was able to put it into words.”

He drowsed a little then, and after that the pause of dreams and rest was over. His father sprang to his feet, the peasants trooped forth from the shade, and Jean François put his young muscles to work.

The long day wore on. They worked, man and woman, boy and girl, old and young, till the curfew bell rang across the fields. They stopped then for an evening prayer and went home in the bright August evening.

But Jean François lingered on his way. His two

names had been given him, one for his father, and one for the good Saint Francis of Assisi. The saint had been a lover of the out-of-doors, and so too was the quiet peasant, Millet, so Jean François was well named.

His back and muscles ached and he was tired, but he was glad to linger behind the others and to enjoy the beautiful hour alone. A tall young fellow and a young girl, walking hand in hand, called back "good-night" to him, and some boys rattling by in a cart pelted him good-naturedly with fruit. He ate some of it and threw the rest with excellent aim and a laughing "good-night."

Jean, walking slowly, was thinking hard. His wooden shoes clopped out a dull sound on the grassy roadway.

He held his book and the paper and piece of crayon tightly under his arm. For the first time in many evenings he did not sit down by the way and sketch in trees and fields. He wanted to do more than this tonight. He wanted to tell of hard work, of the joy of growing things, of the tired ache in arm and back, of home and his father and mother, of the peasant boy and his sweetheart, of the whole life about him. He was still roused and filled with

a new idea. He was beginning to realize that there was more to this thing called drawing, than merely to put down natural objects.

Coming to a slight rise of ground he looked about him. Far off came the creaking of a huge cart rumbling its way into a barn. He thought he could also hear very faintly in his home near-by the soft whirring of his mother's spinning-wheel, for even though she had worked in the field that day she must finish the new coat for Jean, her oldest.

"As if I needed a new coat!" smiled Jean. "As if I were to go a journey amongst strange people!"

Then he noticed a figure back of him coming slowly, with a big basket on his back; someone who had lingered even more behind the others than Jean himself.

"It's old Martin, of course," thought Jean, and sat down on a stone to watch the ancient peasant come up the grade with bowed back and shuffling step.

He was the oldest man of the county. Jean and his friends had often laughed at him, for he was more like an old tree stump that had been twisted by a thousand gales, than a human being. He was full of queer old sayings and proverbs. He talked

little, but when he did it was to advise planting by the wane of the moon, or reaping when the spiders are spinning.

Tonight Jean François did not laugh at him. He saw the old man differently than ever before, as he came bravely trudging along with the basket on his back.

“He is tough and strong still,” thought Jean, drawing out his paper and bit of crayon. “He is all full of wrinkles like one of our plowed fields, but he is a worker still. I suppose he was once young as I am, and then like my father, and now he is older than grandfather, he is older than anyone, but he keeps on going.”

Jean’s crayon began to work. He spread his paper as large as he could and struck out boldly and fast, for the old man was steady and in time would go past.

It seemed to Jean that there was something he did want to draw, and he was glad to the tips of his fingers. By the time the peasant was near him, he had filled the paper with a vivid, strong likeness.

Martin was talking to himself, saying something about a west wind bringing good weather for the crops, and he did not notice the young artist at his

work. He moved steadily on and disappeared now behind a cottage wall.

Out of the door of the Millet home came Grandmother Millet, with her hand over her eyes, peering everywhere for her grandchild and godson, Jean François. She began to call him and tell him that his supper was long ago ready and would soon be cold, that she had baked him a cake, too, and he must hurry or she would give it to one of his little brothers.

Jean came, for it was his habit to obey his grandmother; but he carried his drawing with much care and his spirits were high. He knew that in his drawing of the old peasant he had made a stride forward, that he was closer to doing what he had begun to dream of doing that morning, when he had lain idle and quiet at the hot noon hour.

The family had finished their simple evening meal, and some of his father's friends and the peasants had dropped in for a pipe and a talk. They were tired and would soon go to sleep, but the hour of friendliness was good. Jean quietly stood his drawing up in a far corner, and hastened to follow his grandmother into the kitchen, in order to eat his cake to please both himself and her. But one of the

younger peasants, who had keen blue eyes, gave a shout of pleasure and pointed to the block of paper.

"Hi, see!" he cried waving his pipe. "If it be'n't old Martin himself the lad has put on paper!"

The others crowded over.

"And will ye see the church spire back there, too, as if ye could hear the bell ringin', and then the basket on his back, and that crooked leg, and ye could hear him speak, the good old gnome!"

Jean was pleased, and yet rather shy of all this talk. He looked toward his father for help.

Monsieur Millet had come with the rest, and now he met Jean's look with a curious expression of wonder in his eyes, excitement too, and a hint of trouble. He made no remarks, however, and finally led the others away to the benches outside the house, but as he went he turned.

"Before you sleep, Jean," he said. "I must speak with you alone."

The stars were out when he came to his father, who was smoking a last pipe in the dark. Everyone else had gone to bed and asleep. A dog was barking somewhere, as if to show that the night was here and he was there to guard his master through it.

"Jean," said Monsieur Millet, "I am not a person

to talk well, but I have watched you, and it grows clearer to me all the time that you are not meant only to work with me in the fields. I need you, I can not let you go without a loss, but . . .”

“Go?” said Jean in surprise. “Go where? I do not understand.”

“Yes, go. That drawing of Martin has opened my eyes to a sure thing that has seemed up to now only a possibility. I will show it to a friend of mine tomorrow, a man of knowledge of these things, and if he believes what I do, he will tell me of a school or master for you to seek. I am going to let you go, my lad, and get along without you somehow.”

Jean could not answer. His heart was pounding in a queer, heavy way in his side. It was true what his father said. There was a gift within him that should be trained. But above everything at that moment he felt a love for his father and for the work of his own land.

“If,” he said haltingly, “if you and this friend believe it is worth while for me to go, would it be far, too far, for me to help you still?”

“It will be in some city, I expect, and in any case your new work would take all your time, Jean. They say that to be an artist is not learned in a day

or sometimes in a lifetime. Let me gather your sketches together, and we will see about it. And listen, my son, I am glad of this in you, glad."

"But the work will be heavy for you, father, and I am just growing strong and old enough to be of use. If I go, I will come back."

Monsieur Millet knocked out his pipe and stood up.

"Wait till tomorrow," he said.

And tomorrow came as it always does, but with it came a change in the life of Jean François. It was arranged to show the sketches to a true artist, and when the artist saw Jean's drawings, saw the one of the old peasant especially, saw the deep strong sincere truth of every line the boy had ever drawn, he was deeply moved and impressed, and it was settled that Jean was to leave his home for a long, long time and work with all his energy on painting.

Very determined and very grave was Jean François when the day came to start out upon his new life. The new spun coat was ready, just as if his mother had known that he was to go away to the city. When she saw him in it she clung to the sleeve as if she would like to keep the coat nearer home. Grandmother Millet gave Jean a Bible, and his

grandfather warned him of the dangers of life in a city. The curé talked to him of God and blessed him and besought him to study his Latin sometimes. His father was silent until the last moment.

"I know that you will do great things, boy," he said. "And I know you will never forget this country home, but will think of me at work in the fields. If ever I need you, you will come."

The elder Millet did not put it as a question.

Jean could not trust himself to speak. It was hard to go, and he thought it easier to go quickly and alone, so with a last grip of his father's hand and a kiss to his mother, he hurried off.

He was to walk across a hill to meet the wagon which would carry him farther toward his journey's end. At the top of the hill he turned to take a last long look.

Everyone was at work by now, his father and mother and all of them, for the farm work must go on, no matter what. He could see the lines of bowed backs, and he could see the tree under which he had read the line of poetry.

"I will never forget any of it," he said aloud, "never! I will learn to paint, and I will paint all

this with its wide fields and strong people. This is what I love and what I understand."

Then a queer little ache crept into his heart. He wondered if they would remember him so far away. Even now they looked too busy to remember a boy who had gone away. But looking closer he saw his mother straighten in the field and gaze with her hand over her eyes. He knew her by the red smock that she wore. She had felt the presence of her son, and she waved now longingly, as if to bring him back.

And Jean François for a moment wanted to run straight back to her. What was this thing called Art that took you away from home? Why did he follow it and leave all this that he loved?

But Jean turned resolutely and continued on his journey, for he knew that he must; in this way alone could he make the land he loved, the plowed fields, the wide plains and the bending forms of these toilers live forever.

ROSA BONHEUR BREAKS HER NEEDLE

Rosa Bonheur (1822-1899), the famous French woman painter, is regarded as the foremost of her sex in the delineation of animals. Her "Horse Fair" is world renowned.



"WHY DO YOU TALK OF GALLERIES AND PAINTINGS,
ROSA, WHEN THERE ARE SO MANY PRETTY DRESSES
IN THE WORLD?"

XIV

ROSA BONHEUR BREAKS HER NEEDLE

ROSA said good-bye to her father in a low disappointed voice. She stood with her sewing bag hanging limply in her hands, and a troubled frown on her nice, open forehead.

“What is the trouble, Rosalie?”

Monsieur Bonheur turned at the doorway of the big studio and, setting down his box of paints, came back to her.

“It is that I would like to go to the gallery with you, Papa,” she said. “Maybe if I had been born a boy you would not make me study this dreadful dressmaking, and would help me more with my painting.”

Her father put a hand on each of her shoulders and gave her a little shake.

“You look more like a boy than a girl, Rosa, and to tell the truth I half the time forget you aren’t one of my sons. It isn’t that . . . it’s a hard life to be a painter even for a man, dearest girl, and it

is better for you to learn other things. Amuse yourself with your palette if it makes you happy, but try to think of your painting as just a small thing in your life. Sewing is far better for you, and you have only just begun it. You have been such a wild little romp at home and at school, it is good for you to be quiet and to try to grow into a useful and dignified woman. All my friends think it wise that you are learning dressmaking."

Monsieur Bonheur paused a little bit, as he was not quite so sure as his friends were about the matter, but he suddenly hurried on. "Yes, yes, the life of an artist is full of privations—of giving up and struggling on. Forget the Louvre, Rosalie, and try hard for my sake to sew well and go ahead in this other kind of life."

Rosa snatched a little green felt hat from a hook on the wall and pulled it down hard over her short curls.

"Will the squirrel be safe here all day alone, do you think?" she asked. She wanted to change the subject, for she was close to tears and a queer lump was forming in her throat. It seemed to her that to sew all day, when her father would be at work in the midst of the glory of all those beautiful paint-

ings was too hard a thought to endure, so she spoke of the squirrel and added lamely, "And poor Billy the goat will bleat."

Her father clapped her on the back as if she were a boy.

"Your goat will bleat whether we are near or not. He likes to listen to himself. And the squirrel is safe enough, though he nearly killed your poor father the other day by biting through the cord of a picture and letting it fall nearly on my head. Come now, put on your coat and we will start out together and tell each other all about it tonight. You will sew your very best and try your hardest for my sake."

"I'll try," said Rosa with a great sinking of heart.

They went out together and separated in the street, Monsieur Bonheur going towards the greatest gallery of Paris, and his daughter toward her dressmaking lessons. She went through a slight ceremony first, however. She crossed the street to the pork-shop opposite. This was over a hundred years ago, but they say that there is still a pork-shop in this very street, and that the same sign stands in front of it. It was this sign that made Rosa Bonheur late in her morning hours. It was a roughly

carved wooden figure of a boar, rather a fierce looking creature with hard hoofs and a snout and sharp ears and queer wooden eyes, but Rosa felt sorry for it sitting there day and night in all kinds of weather. Her love of animals was keen, and the poor wooden creature struck her as pathetic sitting there in front of the shop forever with no one to care if it were wet or dry, hot or cold. She reached up and patted its hard snout and said, "Poor old fellow! . . . poor good old lonely pig!" and then she hurried on with her chin set and her black eyes snapping with a determination to try to please her father, whom she loved deeply.

Madame Gernstorf greeted her kindly, in spite of her being late, and set her to work at once upon a pretty tempting piece of silk. The sound in the distance of a turning wheel came from the workshop of Madame Gernstorf's husband. He was a maker of shell caps for fowling pieces, and Rosa, trying to settle to her sewing, would have preferred to turn the wheel and look at the shooting pieces.

"Do you think a painter's life is a hard one, and do you like the galleries?" she said suddenly to Madame Gernstorf.

"Why I don't know," answered her teacher in a

pinched voice because of the pins between her lips. She was finishing a ruffle on a dress that covered a headless dummy.

"You know," said Rosa looking up and breaking her thread, which had become hopelessly tangled, "that figure is like some silly women—all dress and no brains on top."

Madame Gernstorf took out the pins and laughed.

"You are a sharp little lady sometimes, Rosa," she said. "Why do you talk of galleries and painters, when there are so many pretty dresses in the world? And brains are all very well, but to be well dressed is a good thing. It is nice for a woman to look pretty, whether she has brains or not."

"I like to be comfortable in my clothes," said Rosa, "and I talk about painting because it interests me very much indeed, much more than dressmaking; but I mean to try to sew very well today all the same."

"But you are putting that sleeve in upside down," cried the dressmaker. "Now let me show you again."

Rosa bit her lip and set to work with new determination, her face flushed and her dark eyes strained upon her needle.

The morning wore on. It seemed to be in-

terminable. Every stitch that Monsieur Bonheur's daughter took had to be pulled out and done over again. At lunch-time she wished to eat her sandwiches where Monsieur Gernstorf was at work, but instead she sat demurely in her chair setting her spools and needles to rights, and trying to forget her father painting in the great gallery of the Louvre amongst the pictures she knew and loved. And when the idea grew stronger, the more she fought away from it, she sprang to her feet and shortening her recess and leaving her lunch untasted, she fell to work with her needle driving it in and out with fierce energy.

She tried hard indeed to sew with skill, but the sad part was that the harder she tried, the worse everything went. Madame Gernstorf, watching her, shook her head.

"Oh, la la la!" she said which is really the French for, "Oh dear me!" "I sometimes wonder, Rosa Bonheur, if you will ever become a dressmaker."

Rosa flushed to her hair, and two hot tears rolled down her cheeks and fell upon the pretty silk dress. At the same time she broke her needle with a snap; it pricked her finger, too, but the pain of the prick was nothing to the pain of her tears and her bad

work. She crumpled the silk dress into a miserable heap and sprang to her feet!

"Let me go home," she said. "Please let me go home, Madame! I can not sew another stitch today or any day."

Madame Gernstorf brought her the small felt hat and coat, and helped her into them. She looked sad and clucked her tongue.

"Oh, la la la!" she said again and again, but she kissed Rosa good-bye. "I wish you had been born a boy, cherie," she sighed.

Rosa ran almost all the way home. She even neglected a passing caress to the wooden boar, rushing on to the studio with reckless haste. Shutting the door behind her, she stood with her back to it. Her tears had dried, but she held her underlip tight with her teeth, for she was sharply disappointed that she had made a failure out of her long hard hours.

"The whole trouble is, I am not meant to be a dressmaker," she said. "I can not help it even if Papa is angry. I wish I could."

The squirrel chattered a nervous greeting to her from a shelf, and a canary hung by the window burst into song. The old studio room looked dear and comforting with its easels and canvases turned to

the walls, such another world from dresses and hems and ruffles. Rosa flung off her hat and threw her sewing bag down.

“So,” she said, “it can’t be helped. And now . . .”

She put on a large painting coat of her father’s, rolling up the sleeves and pinning up the lengths of it.

She took out of a closet a small canvas and a few discarded brushes and paints of her father’s, and a bowl of dull copper which was filled with scarlet cherries and green leaves. She set them in a corner where the light struck them softly, and the shadows fell back of them in a most attractive manner. She put her little canvas on a chair, and seated herself on a low stool. On the canvas was her half-finished sketch, and Rosa’s black eyes sparkled as she saw that it already had something of the beauty and light and shadow of the real fruit. She took an old, half-broken palette, and squeezing out as well as she could the remnants of paint left in the dried tubes, she began to paint. Her whole face gradually lost its look of depression and became happy again. Her father’s big coat was shoved up over her knees, her hair was pushed far back, and now she looked like

a happy, eager boy, instead of a girl who had failed to become a dressmaker.

It was growing a little dusky, and a drizzly rain was falling on the poor wooden board across the way, when Rosa heard her father's step at the door. She rose and running backwards took a hasty look at what she had done, and then drew from a drawer three other sketches, and hastily lined them up in full view. One of them was a likeness of her squirrel, another the goat bleating and pulling on his rope, and the third, of a great, dignified bull she had seen led through a side street of Paris.

She started to jerk off her father's painting coat, but it was too late, and so she shrugged her small square shoulders and came to meet him, a little anxious, but somehow too happy from her hour of painting to hide a certain radiant excitement.

Monsieur Bonheur was tired. He stopped short and stared at his daughter.

"Papa," said Rosa, talking fast, "you will have to forgive me. That is all there is to it. I fear, and so does Madame, that I will never learn to sew. The dresses I would make would not be worn by anybody. I tried very hard for your sake, but I

only broke my needle and pricked my finger and ruined the silk."

Her father's face grew long.

"And what are you doing here," he asked, "in my coat and all?"

"I am painting, Papa," Rosa hurried on. "You know, I watch you all the time and listen too, when you and the sculptors and painters talk together. I've been working by myself all I can. Please look at my drawings and just for one moment forgive me. The coat, I expect, is ugly on me, but, after all, it keeps my frock clean, and now you must think of me as a student of Art and not just a little girl at all."

She pulled him by the sleeve.

"I am happier at this than sewing, and you have not looked at my work for weeks. I have gone ahead now, you know I have."

Monsieur Bonheur allowed himself to be pulled over in front of the small exhibition. He was frowning and stroking his beard.

"Rosalie," he said, shaking his head and jerking his shoulders, "what do you want to do? Do you seriously want to be a painter?"

"I do," said Rosa, holding up the tails of her coat and looking at her father with piercing eyes.

Monsieur Bonheur took up one sketch after another, the bull, and the squirrel, and the goat. He looked at the goat especially long. Then he turned the painting of the cherries in a better light.

"What do you think? Tell me quickly, Papa," said Rosa hopping on one foot with impatience.

"I think they are very good indeed," said Monsieur Bonheur reluctantly.

"So then," said his daughter dropping the long coat tails and placing her hands on her hips, "tomorrow you will take me with you to the Gallery and let me work and study and learn beside you?"

"Everyone, all my friends, will think me quite mad to let you do so, Rosalie."

"What of that? They can't know about what is best for you and me."

"People will stare at so young a girl in the Louvre, Rosa."

"I have thought of that. I have an idea to keep them from noticing a girl. Only take me and give me new brushes and good paints and an easel, and leave the rest to me."

Rosa's eyes were fairly burning with pleasure,

and her square chin was set in a line of strength not to be mistaken.

Monsieur Bonheur drew her to him. She came a little stiffly like a shy boy.

"If in after years you regret this, Rosalie, if you find it hard and long to be a painter, if you wish ever that you had been only a happy simple woman with all that means, remember I tried to hold you back."

Rosa stood thoughtful for a moment and then she looked up into her father's face.

"Thank you," she said. "But I think it will always be better this way, and you will help me most to teach me all you can. I will be ready early tomorrow."

She kissed him suddenly and ran to the squirrel, catching him and holding him close till the little creature grew quiet and content.

So after that, and day by day, up the steps of the great gallery of the Louvre and through its long, richly-hung corridors, two figures were always to be seen. Two earnest figures, one big and one little. One a man in a long painting coat; the other what appeared to be a boy, dressed in a queer little quaint jacket and full trousers. At lunch-time they

were to be seen eating together in the courtyard and drinking water from the pump. People called the small figure, "the Little Hussar," because of her funny clothes, but they gathered none the less to watch her paint.

All day long and every day, little Rosa worked, studying and copying and learning to her heart's content, and her father watching was glad that he had let her come, and told his friends so. On Sundays he took her to the country to paint out-of-doors, and to make studies of animals; and her skill and power grew.

That is how Rosa Bonheur grew up, not into a dressmaker, but into a painter.

And through the years the wooden boar sat watching, and if he sits there still in sun and shower, I am sure he remembers in his wooden heart the kind touch of a hand that was skilful and loved all animals.

JOHN MILLAIS AND THE FRENCH SOLDIERS

Sir John Everett Millais (1829-1896) painted many landscapes and portraits, and finally became President of the British Royal Academy.



CONSTANCE WHITTEMORE—

QUICKLY UNDER THE SWIFT-MOVING PENCIL GREW
THE TAMBEUR-MAJOR ON THE WHITE TABLET

XV

JOHN MILLAIS AND THE FRENCH SOLDIERS

EVERY few days at a certain hour in the year 1835 there would be a rumble of drums in the Place aux Charmes in the little town of Dinan in France and then, as the open square filled with the gay blue coats of French soldiers meeting for the roll call, two little English boys would dash out of a house near-by and run helter-skelter to a bench under a lime tree where they could swing their heels and have a good view of the fine proceedings. It was glorious fun to see the bayonets shine and the blue coats moving together in such a neat one-piece way and it was amusing, too, for two English boys, to hear the shouts and excitable commands given in the nasal French guttural.

At the end of the drill and roll call each soldier would be presented with a loaf of black bread which he stuck on the point of his bayonet and carried away across his shoulder.

William Millais and his little brother, John,

would scream with delight at this, no matter how many times before they had seen the self-same thing. They never tired of watching the soldiers.

Sometimes little John would bring a tablet and pencil and, sitting down very quiet and busy with his yellow head bent low and his tongue in his cheek, would draw pictures of the square and the lime trees and the blue-coated soldiers with their bayonets sticking up and their coat tails flying out and their feet marching out before. And his mother, who was very proud of her little six-year-old boy who could draw so well, would stand at the window in the house near-by and smile down at them and wave, once for William and once for John. William would smile and wave back, but little John would sometimes be too busy with his pencil to look or think about anything but what he was doing.

Then one fine day there was a king's birthday or some such big event and when the drums sounded there was also the merry music of a band and when William and John arrived panting, there were rather more soldiers than usual, more strutting and imposing officers about, and best of all, the tambour-major.

He wheeled into view very suddenly and he was

an enormous man, large for any country anywhere but appearing almost a giant here amongst the small, quick soldiers.

His uniform was fairly ablaze with gold trappings—golden tassels hung from him, golden braid flashed along his sleeves and pantaloons, golden buttons shone upon his chest. On his head he carried with wonderful pride and balance a tall, bearskin pinnacle of a hat which added to the impression of his height. Advancing with great dignity, he marched about the Place followed by the band and escorted by a delighted throng of little French street boys who, like William and John Millais, found him a wonderful spectacle. As he marched he flourished and twirled a huge gold-headed cane with amazing skill, and little John, watching with all his eyes, wondered how it was possible to do such playful things with the big stick and at the same time to remain completely solemn and erect. Any minute he expected to hear the stick come clattering to the pavement and to hear the tambour-major laugh outright at his own nonsense.

“I must draw him,” shrilled out little John, talking high and loud because of his excitement and to make himself heard above the band. “I must draw

him right away—his hat and his stick and his funny face and all.”

“Let me watch you,” shouted back William, scrambling down in a great hurry from where he stood on the bench and bending close over his little brother who had already settled himself and made a few first hasty outlines of the big marching major.

Every now and then John would nudge him to move away to give him more freedom for his work, but William would forget and bend closer and closer to watch the picture.

Very quickly under the swiftly moving pencil grew the tambour-major on the white tablet—just as he was in real life, head high, cane swinging and his face as solemn as a judge. With a last look up and a final dive down John put in his finishing touches and William laughed out with pleasure.

Then all at once both boys leapt to their feet in a panic.

Back of them, close enough to touch, twirling their mustaches, gesticulating and pointing and exclaiming, were two splendid officers.

William turned scarlet and little John pale, and he thrust his picture quickly behind his back, but

at that the officers began to reach out for it and gesture and scold.

The boys did not know what it all meant, as they could not understand a word of French, but they felt sure they were in some very deep mischief indeed, and John knew that his picture of the tambour-major was the cause of it all, but he did not want to give it up.

"Hand it over to them, John. I'll take care of you," whispered poor William bravely, looking with longing eyes toward the window where his mother ten minutes since had waved to them. Now the window was empty and there was no smiling face to comfort and help them.

John slowly drew out his picture and, with one longing look after it, handed it to the soldiers. One of the officers pointed to the bench and made the boys understand that they were to wait there, and then off they marched to the barracks, as neatly as if they were a regiment, and carried with them poor little John's tablet and sketch.

The two brothers stood irresolute, clinging tightly to each other, afraid to run away and afraid to stay.

"What are they going to do with my picture?" asked John, close to tears.

"I don't know. And what are they going to do with *us*?" answered William. "Oh, why did you ever draw any of it?"

They wanted to run home and tell their parents but they did not dare disobey the French officers, and "I want my picture back," little John kept saying over and over again. "It was just like the big funny man and I want my picture back."

The band was still playing and the drum major still marching and everything was as gay as ever, but all at once the whole scene had turned into something alarming to the two boys who sat very still on the bench under the lime tree.

After what seemed a very long time, one of the officers returned and beckoned to them to follow him, and hurrying with beating hearts and scuttling feet they were led through the door of the great stone barracks building, up a short stone flight of steps straight into a long room where a dozen blue-coated officers were lounging about.

William thought the room was filled with an army and he did not dare to imagine what was going to happen, but little John suddenly gave a cry of delight. In the middle propped up on the table in full sight of everybody was the fatal drawing. It

was exactly as he had left it with the finishing touch, but he saw now that there was just one more line to be put on the boot. However, it was very much indeed like the major, and little John smiled in spite of the trouble he was in. He was so glad at heart to see it safe and sound.

The officers were shaking their heads and talking and pointing at the boys, and William drew little John close to him and looked about with as much courage as he could summon.

One of the men stepped forward and began to speak to them in broken English and in such a funny way that at any other time they would have laughed.

"We do not belief," he said, frowning and stuttering, "we can not belief that so small a boy could do this. Is it not so, that some grown man have drawn the tambour-major and that my friends the officers have been mistaken and make a joke upon us?"

William's heart bounded with relief. He did not like to lie. He was an honest boy and he knew it was unworthy of any child to lie; however, he would have done almost anything to save his little brother.

But little John, flushing to his hair, was too quick for him.

"I am not so small a boy, and I did draw that picture," he cried.

There was laughter and shaking of heads. A colonel, seated in a tipped chair near-by and smoking a big cigar, laughed louder than anybody.

"Your little brother is so too small," went on the soldier in his queer English. "We will not belief, and if our comrades are right we have to give them much good food—what you call dinner."

William by now was very much bewildered. All the men started talking at once in French, arguing and gesticulating and pointing at the small, agitated figure of his poor little brother.

"I did draw the picture," cried John again, "and I am not so small."

William begged him to keep quiet and to come away, but before he knew exactly what was happening he saw one of the officers who had first found them in the Place bring a new tablet and pencil to little John and a stool, and he saw his brother, flushed and angry, face the colonel, and seat himself with an air of determination.

The room all at once grew very quiet and the

officers gathered in an eager group back of little John, hiding him entirely from his unhappy brother.

There was shrugging and amusement at first and then a deeper silence, and then bit by bit William, watching with a mixture of pride and dismay, began to see looks of admiration and surprise on the dark French faces.

There were cries of "Marveuse!" "Superb!" "Bravo!"—words so like his own simple English, spoken in such tones of respect and delight that William took heart and began to wonder if after all the adventure might not turn into something better than he had dared to hope.

Then he saw the colonel leap from his chair, dash over to the small artist and give a cry and, funniest of all, turn and fling his arms about the officer who had found them on the bench and kiss him first on one cheek and then on the other.

After that he kissed little John in the same way, which little John didn't like. He blushed to his hair and rubbed his face very hard afterwards.

Two drawings were now propped up on the table, the *tambour-major* and a new one—the colonel himself, cigar and smile and tipped chair dashed in with splendid speed and skill.

"I'm not too small. I'm six," cried little John, "and I *can* draw and I love to draw and I want my pictures back and I want to go home now," and jumping down from his chair, he pushed his way to his brother.

Everybody was in a good humor now and the two officers led them out again, laughing and patting John on the head.

When they came out into the square the world seemed bright again.

The soldiers had ceased to drill and were standing in groups and the band was playing more gaily than ever. The tambour-major was standing still, too, resting and trying to be like everybody else in spite of his tall hat and gold trimmings, and little John wanted to stop and draw him all over again because he thought him just as interesting as ever.

But the officers were eager to be taken to John's mother and William wanted to get home and see the whole thing safely over. So little John had to be content to keep tightly hold of the drawings he had already made and to hurry on with the rest.

When they drew near the house there was their mother in the doorway, now laughing a little, but

a little anxious, too, to see her two boys escorted home by two imposing officers.

"They took my picture away," cried little John, running straight into her arms. "And they said I was too small but I drew another and now I have them both and, oh, Mother, you should see the *tam-beur-major*."

The officers meanwhile put their heels together and made deep bows; then they handed a little bag of glistening coins to Mrs. Millais.

And they told her in French, which she could understand, that they believed her little boy would grow into a great artist and that they had brought the purse of gold to show their admiration. Mrs. Millias saw that they would be offended if she refused, so she thanked them in her pretty quiet English way.

William and John stood on each side of her, looking up into her face and she had, as always, a tender smile for each. But into the smile for little John had crept a little awe and new pride, for she felt in her heart that all that the French officers said was true about her little six-year-old boy.

And so it was, as you will find if you go into any London gallery. But without going to London you

will often see a picture called "The Huguenot," which has been copied and loved in a great many countries. There are many other illustrative pictures—Ophelia, and Mariana, and portraits too, one of the great English statesman, Gladstone—all done by the same hand that, when it was very small, sketched so deftly the glorious form of the gilded drum major and the French colonel, with his cigar and his tilted chair.

WALTER CRANE AND THE MILKMAN

Walter Crane (1845-1915) was a brilliant English artist who excelled in drawings for children's books and rural scenes.



CONSTANCE WHITEHORE

WALTER HANDED HIS DRAWING OVER WITH A SIGH
FOR A GLASS OF MILK

XVI

WALTER CRANE AND THE MILKMAN

AT the earliest hour imaginable when it was just beginning to be daylight and some of the lamps still burnt in the street, little Walter Crane would hear, first the distant and unexpected crowing of a cock, and then the sounds of the approaching milkman. There would be the far-off clop-clop of the lonely horse's hoofs on the pavement, punctuated by the pauses at each house, and then, drawing nearer and nearer and finally right under his own window, there would be the near-by rattle of tin cans.

He was too sleepy and snug in his bed to get up and look, and so he would settle deeper into his pillows and lie and think about the milkman. He wondered if the fellow had to stay up the whole night long in order to deliver the milk at such an hour, and if the horse had any sleep at all, or was roused from a stall at midnight. He pictured the milkman as a very strong man indeed to endure

such a life, and his horse as a large, big-boned animal with weary eyes.

Walter drew a picture of these early visitors, for he always ended in drawing pictures of everything, but after he had set it up on his mantel where he could see it from his bed in the morning, he had a queer, inward conviction that the real milkman and his horse were not in the least like his imaginary idea of them.

Through the daytime he never saw the man or heard the familiar sound of his horse's clop-clop. There were other horses and other drivers and other wagons; the vegetable man with his load of bright greens and reds, the butcher boy in white apron; brown horses and white horses and everything and everybody, but none of them as interesting and mysterious as that early comer whom Walter was too sleepy to get up and see.

It was little Walter Crane's way to wander about by himself since he had come to London. He was still a small boy, but very well able to look after himself, and his mother liked to see him go off on his not-too-long excursions, his hands in his pockets and a tablet and pencil under his arm. She would wave till he was out of sight, whether he saw her

or not. If he did happen to glance back and wave his cap, it was all the better for her.

Walter had lived in the country before they came to London, and as they were not in the heart of the great city he generally went in the direction of the outskirts, hoping for something green and pleasant.

One especial morning when the air was fresh and tangy as only September can make it, this young adventurer stood at the corner of his street doubtfully. He wanted to go somewhere new, but it was puzzling to think of how to go about it. He shut his eyes and turned about three times determining to start in the direction he was facing at the end of this ordeal, but as he stood staring into the wall of a house that did not solve matters at all. Then the cock crew.

It surprised Walter to find that the crowing did not sound so very far away, as it did when his head was in the pillow. It was far enough off to be still mysterious, but near enough to be definite, and it seemed to Walter a splendid idea to follow the crowing of a cock.

He hurried off, pausing at intervals to catch the cheerful, little bugle note again, and turning down an alley here and a side street there in the direction

of the sound that brought back such nice country memories.

It wasn't very long before Walter came out quite suddenly upon an odd kind of place that he had never seen before, which was just what he had hoped might happen. It was what is called in England a common, and was a rough, open, grassy place that was neither a field nor a park, but something between the two. There were some fine trees standing about, and beyond the open space the little houses had an expression of a small farm group. One had even quite the look of a long barn, and right from this quarter there came, now clearer than ever and followed by the unmistakable brisk sound of flapping wings of a conqueror, the triumphant crowing.

A shaggy pony was grazing as well as he could on the stubby pasture of the common. As Walter came up nearer to him he raised his head and showed a pair of brilliant eyes. He was an old pony with gray hairs in his mane and tail, and he was stocky and worn from a busy life, but his eyes were full of fire.

Walter looked about him with delight. He liked the peaceful common with only the cock's voice to cheer things up. The city seemed to have nothing

to do with such a place, its low roar and rumble and rattle could not make any impression on a spot so determined to be rural.

There was a tumble-down bench waiting for someone to sit upon, so Walter, who wasn't too particular, settled down with his pad and pencil to make a careful portrait of the small horse and the field and trees. He was hungry from his walk and the good air, and wished that he had brought an apple or cookie with him, but once he was under way with his drawing he forgot about it and nothing mattered to him but the delight of shading in, with the soft part of his lead, the shadowy mane and tail, and with the keen point to draw the neat outline of the pony's sturdy back and strong hoofs.

Walter was soon so absorbed that he did not see the figure of a tall, lanky man in corduroys and gaiters, striding along in a loose-jointed swing down the lane that led from the buildings beyond, across the open plot, until the very moment that he laid his hand on the pony's forelock and started to lead him away.

"Oh, please wait just a minute more!" cried Walter hastily.

The man stared and then slowly a wide smile stretched across his face;

"Be ye drawin' the poor beast's picture?" he asked curiously.

Walter held up the sketch, and the man came nearer and bent forward to look with all his eyes.

"Now did you ever!" he said. "It's no other than Brownie himself, even to the bump on the fore-leg and the kink in his tail."

The man slapped his thigh with delight.

"I'll make a bargain with ye, little gentleman," he said. "If you'll let me have that picture of my old pony who has served me well and long, I'll take you to the dairy and give ye the finest glass of milk in England. And more than that, I'll show ye the cows and ye can come again and draw 'em too, and all the animals. I want that picture, I do. What do ye say to that?"

It seemed to Walter too bad to give up his sketch even for a glass of milk, which he would like well enough, but to see the cock near by, and the cows, and to be asked to come again and draw all these delightful things seemed a good arrangement, so he handed his drawing over with a sigh.

"But put your name to it, lad," said the man. "Some day ye might be an artist, and I'll be that proud to show it."

"Of course I shall be an artist," said Walter gravely. "My father is one now."

He wrote his name and the date in the corner, then, quite as if it were to hang in some famous exhibition.

As they started off together toward the barn with the pony in tow, Walter felt as if he had stepped inside some story book. They went through a gate and down a cobbled lane, crooked and grass-grown, and here Walter could see the cock on the top of a pile of straw, just as a cock should be, his plumage green and brown, and his comb shining red. The hens were scratching about below him, and they looked, with their tail feathers in the air and their pointed heads to the ground, like animated, brown tea-pots. After a little walk they came to another gate, where the man tied the pony outside, and stepped in upon a most interesting scene.

Walter gave a little cry of surprise. Long sheds made a square all about, and these sheds were divided into stalls, and in each stall a fine black-and-white cow switched her tail and turned her horns and head about to look curiously at the visitors. Three milkmaids were at work, too. It was too late for milking, but they were busy with pails and pans, and

one, seated on a stool with her skirts tucked up, turned to show a pretty face and nice smile. Walter was always thinking of nursery rhymes and making up pictures to go with them. He remembered now the jingle:

“Where are you going my pretty maid?”

“I am going amilking sir,” she said.

and this milk-maid would be the very one for it, with her pink bonnet, blue skirt, and pretty blue eyes.

“But why?” he asked wonderingly, “do you have so many, many cows?”

“That’s easy to understand,” said his new friend, bringing Walter a great mug of the fresh milk.

“Why, I’m a milkman.”

Walter’s eyes widened to an immense size over the rim of the mug. He sighed and took a big breath.

“So you are a milkman,” he said, as if he could not believe it. “But could you be *my* milkman, the one who comes so very early?”

The dairyman asked the name of the street where the Crane family lived.

“That’s my rounds, to be sure,” he said. “My name is Larkins, and I deliver milk through all

these parts, but you are asleep, little Master, when I come your way."

"Do you stay awake all night, Mr. Larkins, to be up so early?"

"Well, not so far from it," the tall man laughed. "I'm up at three o'clock, but I go to bed with my chickens as they say, and the cock he crows me awake of the morning."

"Oh, I know!" cried little Walter. "I can hear him, too, away off and so early. But it must be a dreadfully hard life to be a milkman."

"No," said Mr. Larkins, "it's not so bad."

Walter looked about him, at the clean, neat sheds and the friendly cows, at the pretty milkmaids and all, and it began to seem to him that it was not so bad, that, in fact, it was really a rather delightful life.

The dairyman showed him more interesting things when he had finished his drink of milk. Three big wagons painted white to look like milk, Walter supposed, three more horses grazing in another small pasture, but not such nice horses as the bright-eyed pony of the drawing. Everywhere they went it was pretty and cozy and like a bright picture in a book for children. There was a weather-vane on

the barn, another cock all gold that flashed about whichever way the wind blew. There were two neat haycocks, compact and brown, and a well with a bucket; and seated beside it a big, striped cat, very prim and contented, as if to show that,

“Ding-dong-bell, pussy’s in the well,”

was not appropriate in this case.

Walter Crane would have liked to stay all day, but he had been well brought up and knew that if you stay too long, the first time, people are not so anxious to have you come again. So he was very glad indeed when Mr. Larkins renewed the invitation.

“And come again, little gentleman, and draw more pictures and I’ll give you a glass of milk, whether you give me a picture or not.”

Walter thanked him quickly and warmly, and told him that it was the drawing he cared about even more than the milk.

“Then I do believe ye will grow up into an artist, man,” said the dairyman in rather an awe-struck tone.

“It’s a very difficult thing to be a fine painter,” said Walter solemnly, as they went back down the

cobble-stoned lane. "I hope to be some kind of a painter, unless . . . unless . . ."

They had come again out to the common, but without the pony this time. Walter stood outside the gate, and Mr. Larkins leaned on the inside. He had lit a queer, long pipe, and was smoking, but he carried the sketch carefully under his arm. Walter did not finish his sentence, and Mr. Larkins had begun to think of something else. But he waved a cordial good-bye from his comfortable position on the gate, and Walter looked back a great many times to wave and to remember just what a milkman looks like.

The last thing that night, before he went to sleep, he tore to shreds his imaginary picture on the mantel. His mind was full of a great variety of new ideas, and as he slept he dreamed of a book of songs and rhymes and music, illustrated with gay and pleasant pictures of trotting ponies and cows and pretty milkmaids, just such a book as some day he was to make, himself.

But at four o'clock in the morning when the light was just beginning and a few lamps still burned in the street, he was awakened by a distant clop-clop of hoofs coming slowly from far away, and then,

after a time, by the near-by rattle of tin cans under his own window.

Walter half opened his eyes and listened.

"It's Mr. Larkins and Brownie and the white wagon," he thought happily, snuggling closer into his bed. "They've been up and about since three o'clock. Today I'll draw a picture of them as they really look, but I wonder, yes, I wonder if, when I grow to be a man, I will want to be an artist or a milkman!"

The idea was interesting, and Walter sat up in bed to think it over. But his eyelids gradually grew heavier and heavier. He could hear the wagon below moving off, he even fancied he heard Mr. Larkins whistling to himself, as he went cheerfully on his rounds.

"An artist—or a milkman," Walter murmured, slipping down again into the warmth of his pillows.

He tried to imagine the delights of each, and repeated the words over and over to the rhythm of the retreating clop-clop of the pony's patient hoofs.

The last word he said before he slipped off into the sweet sleep of a morning nap was, "Artist!"

And far away, the cock on his pile of straw crowed lustily, and flapped his wings, as if to applaud the final decision.

KATE GREENAWAY AND THE GARDEN

Kate Greenaway (1846-1901) was an English illustrator who worked chiefly in water-color and delighted in sketches of children and flowers.



CONSTANCE WHITEHEAD

KATE STOOD WITH HER BONNET FALLEN AND DAN-
GLING ON ITS LONG STRINGS

XVII

KATE GREENAWAY AND THE GARDEN

THERE was one tall flower that nodded above the big wall and gateway. Kate Greenaway thought that it would be more appropriate if it would shake its head at her instead, for why should it welcome her in this cordial manner when she could not come into the garden?

Everywhere else she had roamed and wandered with free delight, but here was a wall and a locked gate, and only glimpses between the iron bars and scrolls of a forbidden dream of beauty.

Kate stood with her bonnet fallen and dangling down her back on its long strings, and she stood on the tips of her toes in their neat slippers the better to peer and gaze and hope. She drew in deep, slow breaths of the fragrance that came stealing out to the dusty roadside.

To come at all to the country village of Rolleston was an experience of ecstasy to a little girl who lived in the dull, gray roar of the big city of London. Mr.

and Mrs. Chappell had been chosen by her parents for this happy visit, because they were kind and good and fond of children. On other times Kate's sisters had come, too, but this was her time alone, and Mr. and Mrs. Chappell, whom Kate had nicknamed Maman and Daddad when she was a tiny girl and couldn't talk very well, were giving her all the pleasures meant for three.

To watch the red-and-white cows driven out to the plot every morning where they would meet all the other cows of the neighborhood, or home again at night peaceful and slow and glad to go to their barn; to drive to market with Daddad back of the slow pony, while he told her stories that no one else could tell of naughty boys that were really all of them Daddad when he was little; to hunt for eggs in the chicken yard, and even to be frightened by the big, red-faced turkey, had been all of them thrilling experiences to Kate.

She liked the kitchen, too, where Maman churned and baked. It had a brick floor and quaint windows and a fire-place and oven all made of stone. It had an enormous water-barrel, too, where Kate liked to see her own reflection, and overhead back of her

the reflection of a big rafter with sacks and baskets hanging from it upside down in the water.

But there was one thing that Kate Greenaway loved better than all these things put together, and that was the flowers. She spent all the time she could in seeking them over hill and dale. There were flowers of the cornfield, flowers on the bank, and flowers of the plantation away over by the river Trent. Ann, the working girl, funny, tall, gaunt Ann, would have to go with her if she went to the river. Kate would rather have gone alone, but it was worth anything to see the flowers growing close to the sunny water.

In the fields were forget-me-nots and pimpernels and prickly blackberry bushes with their white blossoms. In the cornfield's alleys, where Kate felt small and mysterious between the high, rustling green stalks, there stretched long carpets of small, bright flowers. Kate did not pick them; she only wished to look and look, and to remember; and at night in her bed under the eaves and under a gay chintz quilt she dreamed of bright patterns.

Then one day she stood tip-toe at a closed and barred gateway, and the freedom was over and she must stop here outside.

She came down to the flat soles of her slippers, put her bonnet back on her head, and heaved a sigh that was a big sigh to come from so small a person.

A daisy had been broken by the wayside, and she picked it up to try her luck at the old game that every child, in all times wherever there are daisies, knows. But instead of, "One I love," or "Rich man, poor man," she made it apply exactly to her case.

"One, I go into the garden some day," said Kate. "Two, I never do go into the garden," and so on growing more and more eager as the yellow button became more and more shorn of its white frill. At fifteen it said that she would never go into the garden, but there was still a tiny petal left, and Kate pulled it off with a cry of triumph, "Sixteen! and I do go into the garden some day!"

Then she ran away with a patter of hurrying feet bringing them down a little hard to see the dust fly; down the road, under a hedge, through a field, and home again, to bread and milk and ginger cakes.

Once more in the late afternoon she visited the wall and gate, and sat on a little mound of grass and waited, hoping that the barred doors would open wide, for her faith in the daisy was great. But the gates stood firm, and the wall did not crumble

and disappear, and she walked home slowly with her bonnet low over her eyes.

"Maybe I won't go any more at all," she thought the next morning when she woke up and sat in bed listening to the cackling of hens and the gobbling of the turkey. She went to the window and knelt on the floor to look out under the low eaves and see what was going on. First she saw the turkey strutting about, and she made a face at him, for she was safe and high above him. Then she waved her hand to Ann, who was much too busy picking berries to wave back, and then she looked off at the winding dusty road and so beyond it, and in doing this her eyes made a discovery.

There was a big house hidden by trees. All she could see of it was its fine, big chimneys. Along the roadway in front of it ran a wall with a gateway, while back of this wall and gateway Kate could see, not so very clearly but well enough to make her lean perilously from her window, the paths and hedges and flower-beds of a big and beautiful garden.

"Oh, it's the garden, the secret graden, my garden!" she whispered breathlessly, leaning out so far

that Ann, who had seen her all the time, in spite of being so busy with her picking, straightened up.

"Go in there, child, or you'll be falling out and killing yourself," she said tartly, showing her long bony face in a pink sunbonnet.

"If you could see what I see," piped back Kate Greenaway, "you'd lean away out, too."

Ann put down her berry basket and placed her hands on her hips.

"It's no circus, nor can it be gypsies, because there's no music," she said.

There was a busy sound of churning in the kitchen underneath, and Kate knew that she should dress and go downstairs, but it was delicious to gaze at the far-off garden, and amusing to see Ann standing there full of curiosity.

"No, it's not gypsies and it's not a circus, Ann, it's something much more wonderful than either. It's the most beautiful garden in the world, full of strange flowers of the brightest colors, and full of butterflies and bees and birds and . . ."

Kate could not think of the word she wanted. Her eyes had wandered to the distant garden again, and when she drew them back to see the effect of her news upon Ann, she was disappointed to see only a

long back bent to work, and the rear view of a flapping sunbonnet.

Ann evidently did not care for gardens, and Mrs. Chappell's churning was making a kind of reproachful tune downstairs. It seemed to say, "It's getting late . . . it's getting late!" And now Daddad led out the pony for his drink at the bucket, and that meant the day was well begun. So Kate hurried into her clothes, but not carelessly; she was tidy always with her ribbons and her sashes and her slippers.

She ate her breakfast very absent-mindedly, staring into space with long pauses between each spoonful. Maman laughed.

"Kate, what are you dreaming of? Sometimes I think you see lovely pictures in your mind, you seem always occupied by pleasant visions of some sort."

Kate finished her porridge hastily.

"I am thinking about flowers," she said.

"Flowers," said Mrs. Chappell, a little puzzled. "Did you ever! Well, flowers are very nice things, but today we are going over to call on Mrs. Neale in the Fryer's farm," she went on, talking as well as she could to the tune of her churning. "Afterwards we will drive to market. I want you to look

very nice, Kate, for the Neale's are fine people. What will you wear?"

"My best bonnet and green dress with the sprigs, and my prettiest strapped slippers," answered Kate promptly, for like every little girl in the world she liked to dress up in her best. But presently her face shadowed, and slipping from her chair she ran over to her friend. "No, I'd rather not go, Maman," she said. "Today I would rather go somewhere else, I'd like to go to see my . . ."

But here she stopped short. The mysterious, beautiful garden meant a great deal to her, and suddenly it seemed a mistake to tell anyone at all about it. Ann had only turned her back and it was possible that other people, even lovely people, might not care about flowers and bright colors and gardens, as she did. So she went over to the water-barrel in the corner and stood staring into its mirror in silence. She saw her own face very grave indeed inside it, and this made her smile, for Kate did not like grave faces even if it happened to be her own.

"You will have a good time," said Mrs. Chappell unaware of the little girl's longings. "There may be cake and cowslip wine. Now come and help

me with the work a bit, so that we can manage to get off early this afternoon."

They were ready by three o'clock and started out on foot. They did not go down the road, but in a roundabout kind of way through a path that wandered along a little wood. Kate walked carefully in her best slippers, and the feather in her new bonnet bobbed as she went, but her head and heart were rebellious, in spite of her festive appearance. She would rather be seated on a stone and gazing even hopelessly at the tantalizing garden, than to be paying a call on Mrs. Neale.

It was such a beautiful afternoon, too, with a blue sky, the very afternoon for flowers to open and spread their petals in the sun.

"We are going in the back way, because it's less dusty for our good shoes," said Mrs. Chappell. "You must make a pretty courtesy and be a quiet child, Kate darling, just as if your mother were here."

"Why didn't Daddad come, too?" asked Kate for something to say.

"He was busy, and women can talk better alone."

They went through a small gate and came out quite unexpectedly before a large house with lawns

and grounds and big trees about it. But what interested Kate and caused her to flush pink and seize hold of Maman's dress with a sudden sharp tweak, was the sight of two big red chimneys.

"Look at the chimneys!" she said shrilly. "What is on the other side of this house?"

"Hush, Kate, not so loud, and you are pulling me all to shreds. I have told you to be quiet and good, and chimneys aren't a thing to get so excited about, you queer child!"

Then Mrs. Neale came to meet them. She was a large, friendly woman, and Kate made her a very nice courtesy, but she found it hard to keep down her excitement, and not to ask questions, and she followed the two women into the house in a mood of great suspense. But she had made up her mind to one thing. If by any chance, by any marvelous possibility, this strange house faced upon a garden that was closed about by a wall and a gate with iron scrolls where a tall flower nodded through the hours, then Kate would not go to market, she would escape and hide, if it were necessary, and stay in the garden till the sun went down and the stars came out.

The little party took place in a big room with sunlit window seats, but it was on the back side of the

house. As they crossed the hall, however, Kate caught a glimpse through the front doorway of a straight pathway, box-hedged, that led to a gateway, and her heart beat high to see that it was the very gate that had seemed so hopeless a barrier, the day before.

"The daisy was right," Kate whispered, clasping her hands in rapture. "The daisy knew, and it's *my* garden, just as it should be!"

She ate her cake very fast, forgetting even to take out the caraway seeds which she didn't like. She spilt some of the cowslip wine, and choked on the rest, and when Mrs. Neale gave her a picture-book, the pictures might as well have been blank pages, for all she saw them.

Then a lucky thing happened, and things were made very easy for Kate. It was suggested that she go "and play in the garden." The two older people had much to talk about, and the presence of a restless, uneasy child did not help matters at all. They turned to see if Kate would like to do as they said, but all they saw was the whisk of a sash and green dress out of the sitting-room door, on the table a neglected cookie, and on the floor the picture-book.

“Funny little thing!” laughed Mrs. Neale. “Now as I was saying . . .”

Kate went swiftly down the long hallway, but at the front door she paused and shut her eyes. This was a kind of way of beginning over again, of starting fresh and clean of every idea but the delight that lay ahead of her.

Then she opened her eyes and stepped out.

“Now!” she said.

Here was a sight to satisfy even such a dreamer and ardent lover of flowers as little Kate Greenaway.

The garden was very quiet, filled only by the droning song of bees. There was a wave of fragrance every time the summer breeze stirred and set the flowers rocking. There were flowers of every shape and hue, white narcissus and scarlet poppies, and the brave, fresh peonies. Kate moved slowly, burying her face from time to time in the dew-wet face of some large, cool flower. The purple vetch and the white convolvulus were banked together, and closing her eyes half way, Kate found the two colors blended in a glorious swimming mass.

The paths were hedged in with a close, fat, box border with a flat top, and sitting down on it Kate was delighted to find it as strong and solid as any

comfortable bench, but as it pricked her a little she did not sit very long.

Deeper and deeper into the garden she went, and when after some time they came and called to her, she called back beseechingly in a far-away voice to "please, please, let her stay awhile longer."

Maybe Maman had a faint notion somewhere in her kind heart that Kate's love of flowers meant something more than a mere child's whim; maybe she realized that the garden would mean more to her than to some children, for she let her stay and went off to market without her.

So Kate flitted from flower to flower in company with a bevy of butterflies. She chose one flower after another for her favorite, now a fox-glove, now a little pink moss rose, and in the end, after all, it was a little unknown blue flower with a tiny golden eye that she knelt to look at and to worship. The snap-dragon made her laugh, for when she pinched it it would open and shut its mouth. And all the while she drew into her lungs and her heart and her soul the deep fragrance that she remembered all her life.

Kate pictured the garden with children in it, too, not rough noisy, real children, but the kind of chil-

dren she liked to imagine, pretty, tripping creatures in bright dresses and with little dancing, slippered feet. She did not know that there would come a time, when she was no longer a child, that she would draw pictures of just such lovely children and just such an old bright and box-hedged garden. She was only a real, little child herself that day, but the flowers and the gay patterns and pretty fanciful figures were already shaping in the small head under the bonnet with its bobbing plume.

Meanwhile the sun sank lower and lower, casting golden bands of light and longer shadows across the beautiful, old garden. The tall flower at the gate nodded a more stately welcome than ever, and the birds enjoying the cool of the evening began to sing. When the older folks came to find little Kate Greenaway, she was singing too.

AUGUSTE RODIN AND HIS FRIEND, THE CATHEDRAL

Auguste Rodin (1840-1917), the foremost of French sculptors, is now generally considered one of the greatest of all time. Examples of his work are found in every large museum.



CONSTANCE WHITTEMORE

AUGUSTE SAT DOWN, RAPT, THRILLED AND INTER-
ESTED TO THE DEPTHS OF HIS SOUL

XVIII

AUGUSTE RODIN AND HIS FRIEND, THE CATHEDRAL

A BOY sat in a schoolroom, his chin in both hands, his near-sighted eyes peering at the mathematical problem before him. A droning sound, like bees, went up from the students reciting on the front bench. In spite of the lively French tongue, the tones had become monotonous. They were naming the kings of France, and the repetition had turned into a kind of chant.

The boy at the desk shuffled his feet and wriggled on his stool.

“Oh,” he thought, “but they are stupid with their kings! Some of these kings were bad men, some of them great and good, and now they sing-song their names together all in a heap.”

The problem before him struck him as stupid, too. “If a man went to market with a barrel of flour and ten caged mice, at ten per cent of . . .” What man would take flour and caged mice to market! Auguste raised his head and tried to look out the open win-

dow, but it was high and small and he could see nothing. It was springtime, and a smell of sun and growing things stole in, for the school was near the edge of the town.

A boy with red hair, who sat next to him, made a ball of paper and threw it to Auguste. The scrawling inside suggested a mean prank upon the old woman who sold candy at the gateway. Auguste liked the old woman far better than he did his red-headed neighbor.

"Bah!" he said aloud, and crumpling the note into a harder ball flung it back with great force.

His exclamation and action had been free and unguarded. Auguste did everything with vigor and freedom. The teacher at once rapped upon his desk.

"You are noisy, Rodin," he said sharply. He was tired and cross with teaching the kings, and glad of an interruption that gave him an excuse to be angry. The chant paused at Charles le Roi, and everyone stared.

"You are bad at your lessons, because you do not concentrate. You do not keep your mind upon your work," went on Monsieur Belin. "What is the matter with you anyway?"

Auguste shrugged and laughed. It was not a re-

spectful answer, and it threw the instructor into a passion.

"Remain for two hours after classes," he cried.

No doubt young Auguste Rodin should not have laughed. It was absolutely true that he did not keep his mind upon his lessons. But something *was* the matter, and he knew that the excited Monsieur Belin and the gaping boys would not understand, if he tried to explain. It was something that he did not thoroughly understand himself as yet. Of course, he was homesick and he did not care much about the school, nor had he found a friend amongst the boys whom he could enjoy. He was lonely and not interested, but it was more than that.

While the shuffling boys and the teacher filed out, and the red-headed mischief-maker gave him a parting grimace, Auguste sat lost in thought, and he was glad when the sound of shuffled benches and clattering boots was over.

There was one other culprit beside himself, the dunce of the school, a small sullen boy who was forever behind in his lessons. He sat on the left in a smudge of pencil grime and tears.

Auguste roused himself and, during a brief absence of Monsieur Belin, he helped poor Jean with

his sums. For some reason he could always make everything clear to the bewildered boy.

"Why is it—" whispered Jean, brightening and drawing his hands across his eyes and in an effort to clean up, wiping them afterward upon his shirt front—"Why is it, Auguste, when you tell me things it's easy? I see it all, and it's not stupid and dull any more."

Auguste gave him a piece of candy out of his pocket and turned back to his own task.

"This is dull enough," he muttered.

He sat again in a moody dream. He thought of home and remembered a number of odd things. He remembered especially the fancy bags made up from illustrated papers, in which his mother would carry prunes and vermicelli from the grocer's. He remembered copying the decorations on them with passionate interest. But that was long ago. Suddenly he sprang to his feet.

"I am going out-doors, Jean," he said. "Tell Monsieur Belin that I have gone."

"But he will rave!" cried Jean frightened for both Auguste and for himself, left alone explaining to the angry professor.

"I can not help it; let him rave," said Auguste

calmly. "I will be shut in my room and punished and all that, but just now I must get out of this—out somewhere with plenty of space and air."

He swung his arms.

"But he will be cross and I will have to listen to his anger," pleaded Jean.

"Well," said Auguste, "I am sorry, but if he is not angry with you, why care? And after all, Jean, you must know there will be a great many angry people to be seen, off and on all the time. Adieu!" and young Rodin was off.

He did not steal his way out. He went bravely and steadily down the wide hall and through the doorway, missing his professor by three minutes. He had a few words with the candy woman at the gateway of the school grounds, and then swung off north towards the open fields.

The old woman called a blessing after him.

"A fine boy!" she murmured, stroking down her apron; "not like others. They will hear of him some day. And generous, too . . . and likes candy, too."

The fields were fresh and turning green, and the poplars were putting on their spring dresses. Standing on either side of the blue canal they made a pretty duplicate of themselves in the water under-

neath. The sky was big and restful after the square lines of schoolrooms and corridors.

Auguste swung his arms, breathed deep, and felt more content.

"But still," he thought, "something is the matter. If I only had a friend to talk to; someone big and kind who knew how to think."

A flock of birds sang together over his head, a little shy with their voices, as birds are in the spring of the year.

"Everything is growing," thought Auguste, jumping over a puddle and heading across towards a fine grove of trees. "But in the school I don't grow except in inches. Everyday I am the same boy, no wiser at all than the day before. And yet I believe I am not a fool. I don't feel stupid, and I am not, no, I am not!"

He kicked a stone vigorously.

"It's lonely too, terribly lonely, since I left home. What is the use of it all?"

He was walking on, all the time, for Auguste was not given to any kind of useless moping, and the sense of freedom was helping him already.

The town of Beauvais was now a little back of him. The towers of its larger churches, and the roofs

of its houses, showed pleasantly in the warm afternoon, but Auguste did not look back at it. He was seeking something new . . . he knew not what.

Walking on, he skirted about in a kind of half circle, clambering up a gentle hill and then into a hollow, over a broken wall, and so finally up and out through a small forest into a glade. The glade was on an open hilltop and faced Beauvais from another angle.

And here Auguste stopped short.

He stopped as a person stops only when something very unexpected and startling is in front of him. Here was something different from anything he had seen yet, and something that absorbed and amazed Auguste Rodin.

It is very probable that any other boy would have paused a moment to look, to throw a stone or two, to clamber about and then on again; but this was not the case with him.

He had stumbled unawares and with a breathtaking suddenness upon an unfinished cathedral—a cathedral that never was to be finished, for some reason or other—the noble beginnings of a beautiful and stately structure with only the choir complete. It stood silent and deserted in the late spring after-

noon, very lonely indeed with no voices in its choir, and no priests, and no altars, and no devoutly kneeling throngs. Every line that had been begun and had remained unfinished was a promise of perfection.

The blood mounted slowly to Auguste's face. He could feel the warmth of it stirring upwards. He stood rooted and amazed, and gazed with every fibre of his being. Slowly his eyes took in the lovely unfinished thing before him, and bit by bit his imagination set to work. He narrowed his near-sighted gaze as he had done many times over a problem, and taking up every unfinished line and every broken and unfulfilled promise of stone—standing rapt and thrilled and interested to the depths of his soul for the first time in his life—his mind built a vast and towering edifice.

"I would do a thousand problems," he cried, "could they shape to some object strong and noble and actual as this!"

After the dazzling moment of completing the cathedral for himself, Auguste drew slowly nearer, walking gravely as one should in a great, deserted church. The sun seemed to shine more warmly on the open floor, as the one, small, human being

stepped across it. It seemed almost as if the lonely, lost, unfinished cathedral had been waiting for a friend.

Auguste sat down on a step under a half-formed doorway. He sat with his chin in his hands, but not at all as he had sat on the bench in the schoolroom. How restful were the great upspringing arches, and how friendly, natural and pleasing to him in every way! Every exact measurement, every long line, every curve and proportion seemed to satisfy and calm him, like the presence of some long-sought, understanding comrade.

It is doubtful if Auguste could have explained any better to Monsieur Belin what had been the matter with him, or why it was that, as he sat there, slowly everything began to take shape and grow clear and calm. He realized that school was not to go on forever, that it was only a training for something else, that later on there was to be something big in his life, something not yet complete, some upspringing, growing power that needed to be worked upon like the unfinished cathedral before him. What it would be exactly, he did not yet know, but it would have to do in some way with form and shape and size, and it would make life worth the

living. He knew that he was still a boy, and that he would still have to do sums about men going to market with flour and mice, and listen to the droning of the kings' names; but, after all, patience and learning how to work should help him later on; and somehow he felt his restlessness and confusion drop from him. He sat quietly and thought it all out.

Far off, the town clock struck six times, and other bells took it up and sent their solemn news of the hour across the fields. One bell, sharp and clear, though not so musical as the rest, was familiar to Auguste. It was the school bell.

"Can it be so late?" he cried regretfully. "And now punishment for running away, and much talk and scolding, are ahead of me."

He sprang to his feet and stood a moment, his head thrown back, his cap in his hand. He made a quaint and grave gesture of farewell.

"Good-night!" he said.

Maybe it was foolish to say good-night to an empty, unfinished gathering of arches and pillars; but Auguste did not think so, and a very dim, soft echo answered, "good-night, night, night!"

He waited till there was not a sound, and then

walked slowly and gravely out of the cathedral, as one should leave a place of sacred ceremony.

After that he moved quickly, taking a more direct route back to the school.

The old woman and her candies was gone. Her little stool was folded and laid away in the niche of the wall for the night. One lamp was lit already at the gateway. But on the front step a figure waited. It was Monsieur Belin.

In a window overhead Jean peered timidly down. He was sucking a stick of candy and watching anxiously the final scene of his helper's reckless behavior. He was glad to be safely out of it all, but he was nervous for Auguste's sake. He could not understand how even a boy older and bigger than himself should dare to walk straight on towards the angry professor.

There was, as Auguste had expected, punishment and a great deal of scolding and talk. At the end of a prolonged session in the school office, Monsieur Belin wound up with a statement and a question.

"You are wicked and, beyond words, a care and a bother, Rodin. You really are detestable. What is the matter with you, anyway?"

"Nothing," said Auguste slowly. "Nothing is

the matter. Everything is changed, and I will do much better now."

"Oh, but what do you mean by such talk?" fairly screamed the tired school-teacher, twirling his eye-glasses on their ribbon in frantic circles. "What will make you better, and what will have changed you?"

Auguste did not answer. How could he say that he had found a friend in a half-finished building, and how could he explain that Art was stirring in his heart? He could not even see for himself the future with the strong, living, finely-proportioned statues, the great creatures of marble and bronze that his own very hands were to make. He only knew that something was to come.

He raised his eyes and, looking through the angry teacher and through the ugly, white wall of the room, he seemed to see something bright and satisfying. He laughed, not a laugh of mockery, but a laugh of joy and hope.

Monsieur Belin stared, and let his glasses drop and hang limply on their long, black ribbon. He did not scold. There was something in his pupil's face that kept him quiet.

JAMES WHISTLER FORGETS HIS MANNERS

James A. McNeill Whistler (1834-1903) was one of the most original of American painters. He also excelled in etching.



CONSTANCE WHITTEMORE

THE PAINTER WAS DESCRIBING WITH VIVIDNESS THE
SCENE HE WAS AT WORK UPON

XIX

JAMES WHISTLER FORGETS HIS MANNERS

LIFE in Russia went on with the same wise regularity it had been accustomed to do in America. Jamie and Willie Whistler stood, as usual, straight and quiet before breakfast and said their psalms. There were lessons in the morning and hours of exercise to be kept, and bed-time was generally as prompt and early as in the Massachusetts days.

Major Whistler was away a great deal from home these days, as he was building a railroad and it took him far off over the big sprawling country. But Mrs. Whistler was well able to guard over her two young sons. She was not a Puritan, but she had adopted some of the old New England ways, as she believed that boys should grow up into hardy men. She was, nevertheless, sympathetic and admiring of her children, and advocated good times as well as work, and she believed in a happy, comfortable home the world over.

Major Whistler liked to carry America with him. He had been a West Point man, and maybe this made him especially loyal to his own country. At any rate, although it was Russia outside, inside the Whistler home it was America. It was cozy and pretty and natural with all the familiar things about, and the breakfast and lunch and dinner as close to New England days as St. Petersburg markets would allow.

It was an interesting experience to the boys to be in a new land, and there were certain things that Jamie, especially, remembered all his life when he had left Russia far behind.

For instance, there was the never-to-be-forgotten night when the Empress came back after an absence, and St. Petersburg welcomed her with a grand illumination.

Jamie pleaded with his mother to allow them to stay up late and see the wonderful sight, and partly because she wanted to see it herself, but more because she could not resist Jamie, they took a carriage and drove along the Quai. It was beautiful with flowers and crowds and lights, and Jamie especially remembered the rockets. They would rise with a rush in a long, swift line of light, droop in a slow curve, and

scatter myriad drops of colored fire that fell lazily downwards from the dark sky.

This seemed to Jamie surpassingly beautiful and mysterious, and he grew so gay and excited standing up in the carriage that the grave Russians turned to look at the fair boy who seemed to shine with enthusiasm. His mother restrained him with her gentle, cool hand, but was stirred, nevertheless, to a greater pleasure herself. For a party or any moment of beauty or excitement there was no one like Jamie. He could turn the simplest of pleasures into a veritable carnival.

Christmas in St. Petersburg was another memory. It had all the joys of home with something added. For the sleigh bells outside rang differently, hung high on their queer poles, and the church bells had a foreign sound unlike the bells in the white, New England steeples. Even the snow seemed unlike the snow at home, colder and whiter with a shadow of blue. There were processions, too, with tall candle flames, priests with rich vestments, and there was deep, triumphant chanting in the Greek churches. It all stirred little James Whistler and made a great impression on him.

But inside the Whistler house the American

Christmas was kept. There were mistletoe and greens and turkey and plum pudding. Major Whistler came home, and with him two American friends, and there were presents for the boys, and in the evening they all sang together the familiar hymns and carols, and with the curtains drawn everyone but Jamie forgot that they were in Russia. He slipped to the window from time to time, and listened to the bells of St. Petersburg, and looked up at the stars and said:

“Here I am in Russia, all the same, and these are Russian stars and Russian Christmas bells.”

Then there was the big Art Gallery where he often went, and where they had to drag him away at closing hour. For from the time that he could remember anything Jamie had liked to draw. There was still a very good and life-like picture of a duck he had made, lying on the floor under the bed, the day after his brother Willie had been born. He had felt a little lonely perhaps at sight of this new person whom his mother loved so much, so he had crawled out of sight, but the magic of his pencil forming a duck to his complete satisfaction had cheered him, and he had come out radiant and triumphant.

It was in St. Petersburg that Jamie first saw the

Hogarth drawings. Once, in the winter, he was sick, and his mother handed him a big book filled with reproductions from the works of this English painter. To some boys these black-and-white pictures might have seemed dull, but lying propped up and warm, with a plaster to cure his cold, he studied them for hours, and all through his life from that day on, he studied and admired the works of Hogarth.

There had been a good deal of talk of James's beginning to study at an art school, but it had hung fire a little and it was the tea-party that settled the plan. This tea-party was another thing that Jamie remembered always, and so did the visitors who came to it.

In the summer months they lived in a house not far from a canal, and on this particular day Mrs. Whistler allowed Jamie to go for a row. She herself took Willie on a shopping expedition, as he was rather better behaved than her older boy. But just as she was about to buy a very pretty bonnet, she saw that the sky was growing dark, and so she hastened homewards. For two reasons this was fortunate. A heavy rainstorm burst from the sky, and

also a carriage arrived at their door with two unexpected visitors.

When Jamie, dripping wet, having delayed in his rowboat too long, and afraid of a scolding, slipped in and dashed upstairs in his wet clothes and shoes leaving a trail behind him, there was the sound of deep voices and the pleasant rattle of china in the drawing-room, and a glimpse of Willie, very neat and dry, passing the sandwiches and cake. James Whistler liked parties and liked to please his mother, and he also recognized the voice of Mr. Miller, an old friend, so he set to work at once to make himself presentable.

He hurried into dry clothes and brushed the curl from his hair. He had one lock that gave him much trouble, falling over one eye. He struggled with it in vain and gave it up, which was just as well, for all his life that lock was to fall a little over one eye. It was a very neat boy, however, who came down the stairs and except for a high color and an air of having come from a bandbox, he descended as calmly and quietly as though there had been no rush at all.

Mrs. Whistler was very much engaged in conversation, and she gave her son only a swift glance,

which like most mother's glances said a great deal in a short time. It said, "I am glad, James, you are safe, but you were foolish to get caught in the rain. However, I see you have made yourself look very neat, so I forgive you. Now be quiet and let me attend to my guests."

Willie was glad of his coming, for he was not as fond of these grown-up parties as his older brother, and the two gentlemen were making such determined inroads upon the bread and butter that it demanded his constant attention.

Jamie seated himself at a distance, but as he listened to the conversation of the older people he gradually drew nearer and nearer, forgetting entirely to help poor William in his duties of hospitality.

Mrs. Whistler addressed the stranger who had come with Mr. Miller by the astounding name of Sir William Ashe, and at this Jamie flushed to his hair and his eyes grew large and bright. He had heard, of late, of a Scotch artist by this very name, and staring at this man who drank tea out of the familiar tea-cups and ate bread and butter like everyone else, he wondered if this could possibly be the well-known painter.

Mr. Miller at first chatted away of various things, of the luck it was for him and his Scotch friend to find Mrs. Whistler at home, and at the same time to have a cup of freshly-made tea instead of the strong Russian brew; of the shower; of politics; of the fine singing of vespers at the near-by monastery; and then he said:

“Sir William has come to St. Petersburg to paint some of the most striking events from the life of Peter the Great. His present subject is most interesting.”

Then Mrs. Whistler in her own pleasant way turned her clear, straight gaze on Sir William Ashe, and he began to talk.

It was at this point that Jamie began his slow but steady process of drawing nearer and nearer, quite as if the Scotch artist had some kind of string which pulled the American boy slowly forward.

The painter was describing with vividness the scene he was at work upon: Peter the Great teaching the peasants, or mujiks as they are called in Russia, to make ships. He spoke of some of the difficulties of color and light and shadow, and explained the grouping and perspective.

Little James finally stood close to his side, and

with wide, uplifted gaze and parted lips he hung on every word, completely oblivious of himself.

Sir William Ashe suddenly broke off, and with an intent look under his deep brows stared hard at this ardent part of his audience. Then Jamie forgetting his manners and everything else burst forth:

“Go on. Tell more!” as if it were a story told entirely for his benefit. There was a swift rustle of a silk dress as Mrs. Whistler arose.

“James,” she said sternly, “you are very rude. You have forgotten your manners.”

But Sir William Ashe raised his hand and gave her a funny little shake of his head.

“One minute, please, Mrs. Whistler,” he said softly. Willie hurriedly handed the cakes hoping to get his brother out of mischief by this form of pleasant distraction, but Sir William waved him off, which was fortunate as all the cakes were gone but one.

“You seem interested, my lad,” said the Scotch artist looking gravely down at Jamie. “Is it Peter the Great that is so absorbing to you, or is it my poor self, because I am a stranger in your house; or is it perhaps something else?”

Jamie’s face glowed—

"Why, it's painting!" he cried. "And you a painter, and you are telling all about the picture and how you do it! I never saw an artist before, or heard an artist talk."

The distinguished Scotch gentleman put a hand on his arm and studied Jamie more earnestly.

"Do you ever draw at all?" he asked. "Why do paintings and artists seem so vastly interesting to you?"

Jamie now began to feel a little shy. He drew off and made a pattern with his toe on the carpet, for he realized that the subject had suddenly taken a personal turn.

Willie piped up then in a sudden burst: "He does draw and wonderfully, I think."

Jamie tossed the lock from his eyes, and looked up. "I do draw," he said, "I like to draw."

Mrs. Whistler began to think the two boys were becoming too conspicuous for their age.

"Bring a few of your little sketches here, Jamie," she said, "and then both of you must go upstairs."

They ran out in a rush, but when Jamie returned with his drawings he was reluctant to say good-night. Who could tell if he would ever meet with a real painter again and see him drink tea right in his

own home? When they left Russia these things wouldn't happen any more.

Sir William said good-night, and his eyes followed the figure of the slight, eager, American boy out of the room; then he at once turned with a look of intense curiosity to the little pile of drawings.

Mr. Miller, while this quiet task absorbed his talented friend, ate up the last cake and regretfully prepared to take his leave.

"Mrs. Whistler," said Sir William presently, "this child of yours has uncommon genius."

Mrs. Whistler flushed as bright a pink as if she had done the sketches herself. In her own heart she thought her James remarkably clever in all ways and especially with his pencil, but she had felt some doubts as to what the opinion of this well-known man might be.

"You will be careful never to force him beyond his own desires to work, won't you?" went on the painter. "There is great delicacy and originality here."

"I only let him amuse himself with it," replied Mrs. Whistler, very happy and excited, but keeping calm as was her way. "Sometimes I have to interfere, or he would be at it all the time."

"He must go to a school, of course," said Sir William, rising. "Training is necessary, but his talent should develop slowly and unfold itself as beautifully and naturally as a butterfly unfolds its wings for flight."

And over their heads in their own room, while Willie played with a bag of marbles, James McNeill Whistler was drawing a picture of Sir William Ashe drinking tea. A few slender lines, a wisp of white chalk in with the black, and there he was—a Scotchman and an artist, and a cup of steaming tea.

Jamie was still absorbed in the delight of his conversation downstairs. He was dreaming of pictures he himself would some day paint, and idly in the corner of his sketch he traced his own initials in a fantastic pattern.

It wasn't a butterfly yet, and there were a great many years to come and go before the artist Whistler's signature was a delicate pattern placed in the corner, or wherever it was best; but still there was a hint of that light, illusive charm in those letters little Jamie made, which was to develop into a familiar symbol when he was a grown man: a symbol of his own genius—ethereal, illusive, and yet convincing.

EDOUARD MANET'S FIRST VICTORY

Edouard Manet (1832-1883) was a French painter of a distinctive and an almost revolutionary style.



"I'LL MAKE THESE CHEESES THE PRETTIEST THE CAP-
TAIN EVER CARRIED"

XX

EDOUARD MANET'S FIRST VICTORY

THERE was a struggle going on day by day in the Manet household. The oldest son had told his father and mother, and his three younger brothers and his uncle, that he had a great longing to become a painter. He had told them that he did not wish to be a lawyer, that he would not be a lawyer.

The plan that he was to be a lawyer had been settled upon by his father from the very day that Edouard was born, which was sixteen years ago on a cold morning in January, in the year 1832. Now he was beginning to grow tall and to think for himself and speak for himself, and so he had told them with all the fire that was in him, and it was no small amount, that the law was not the profession for him, and that to paint, and to paint his whole life long, was the most deep and earnest wish of his heart.

His mother's brother, Colonel Fournier, was looked upon now as having been a bad influence. In

his lazy hours the colonel had always drawn and painted a little, and Edouard had watched him and painted too whenever he could, sitting close and eager.

“But that,” his uncle had hastily explained now that the storm had broken, “is quite different, my dear nephew, from giving up your whole life to painting.”

Edouard's father was a magistrate, rich and prosperous. There had been judges in the family, and public positions held, and always well-paid positions. They belonged in France to the class of people who are called *bourgeoise*. They were not peasants and they were not aristocrats, and they believed in respectability and certain ways of making money. They considered artists a poor lot, and if Edouard Manet should become such a thing it appeared to them that he would lose all caste and go completely astray.

Monsieur Manet, slow and serious, talked daily to his oldest son. He spoke of the classic curriculum, of the degree called Bachelor of Letters, of entering the Bar, and of the tradition of the family. His words were long, and his sentences were longer, and poor Edouard could only look out of the window

and down at the floor and clasp and unclasp his hands, and, when it was over, fly out of the room with a fierce outcry that he would paint and never do anything else.

His mother pleaded with him, upholding his own father's life as an example, and telling him that artists were such strange people, and that no Manet had ever been an artist. His brothers, being younger, kept quiet, but they were inclined to believe it would be easier and wiser if Edouard would give up and not fight and struggle every day.

His uncle kept out of the way, and gave up all sketching for the present.

It was all very miserable, and Edouard began to eat badly and sleep badly, and the whole family was under a cloud. The older people were absolutely determined that he should not become a painter, and Edouard was equally determined that he should.

"It is an impasse!" said Monsieur Manet, spreading his hands in a gesture of despair. The French word "impasse" means that both sides are equally strong and nobody can make any headway.

It is very unhappy to have all the people you love most arguing against you day by day, and Edouard

was a boy of unusual force or he would have decided, before many weeks had gone by, that it would be far easier to do as they wished him to, to give up this great longing to paint, to cast out of his mind and heart the images, colors, forms and ideas that haunted him, and to turn himself quietly and contentedly to the Law. Everyone would praise him then, and there would be no more unhappy quarrels. His allowance which had been taken from him would be restored, his mother would be happy, and life would be easy again.

One evening Edouard decided to have one more last talk with his parents.

"I will be very quiet and patient," he thought. "I am sixteen and should be able to prove my point without getting excited and out of temper. If only they would listen and think of what I have to say and what I believe, instead of always talking about the family and the Law and all that!"

And at that very minute Monsieur Manet and his wife were coming to a decision.

"We will have one last talk with the boy," his father was saying. "We will be very patient but very firm. We must make him thoroughly understand our point of view. If he would only for a

moment forget his own false ideas and listen carefully to what we know to be true, the day will soon be won. If he will not listen we shall have to assert our authority to the bitter end."

Madame Manet turned quite pale.

"Of course, my dear husband, he will have to be made to do as we say. He will have to do as you advise, and it would be a great disgrace were he to go against our wishes."

But the lace handkerchief in her hand was crumpled to a ball, for no mother in the world likes to see her son miserable.

So the two sides of the quarrel met in the library downstairs. The only reason the room deserved the name of library at all was the slight excuse of three shelves of books, twenty law books, and three Bibles. The rest of the room was simply a typical drawing-room of a rich, middle-class Frenchman. Mirrors and vases and gilded chairs, a few prints of no especial taste on the wall, and handsome hangings and rugs. The lawyer and his wife seated themselves here and prepared to send for Edouard; and Edouard, equally intent on finding them, appeared before it was necessary to send a messenger after him.

Monsieur Manet sat in front of the law books, and his wife under the mantel with its iridescent vases. Edouard stood, erect and young, between them, and his eyes, which were full of suppressed fire, flashed from one to the other.

"I must keep calm," he was thinking, as he tightened his lips. "I must keep very calm. They are older than I, and I must be deferential; but I must show them that my mind is made up."

All three began with low voices and kind manners, but after Monsieur Manet had had his say and Madame Manet had added a few words of agreement to all he had said, and when Edouard had with great firmness put his answer to them, the low voices and gentle manners began to change. Monsieur Manet sprang from his chair and spoke with a rising tone.

"I will hear no more of this, Edouard," he cried. "You do not listen to reason from your elders. I have been patient, your mother has been patient, your poor worried mother. We have all borne with your obstinacy long enough. I will now have to say . . ."

Here Edouard threw out both his arms.

"But it is *my* life—*my* life—not yours!" he said

passionately. "Surely, it is not my duty to you as my father that I have to think of. Do I not owe something to myself? It is my life, I say, *my* life. It is I that want to paint, and not to be a lawyer."

"Why to be an artist," said his mother, twisting the poor handkerchief tighter, "is not worthy of our name, dearest Edouard."

"I will make our name all over again," said young Manet hotly. "To be a painter of worth is infinitely more noble and lasting than to be a lawyer. To be always settling other people's disputes is not such a glorious thing, after all. To fight your own battles is hard enough," he added with some bitterness.

"Do you not respect anything respectable?" thundered the magistrate, now thoroughly beyond himself. "I forbid, I say, I forbid you to follow this utterly detestable profession of being a painter. Do you understand that I am still the one to direct your ways?"

Edouard stared at his father and mother and back again, and saw that it was to be an impossible task to win them over by talk. He turned first pale and then red, and a thought that had been growing in his mind took shape.

"Very well," he said in a curious, low voice. "I

will go to sea. If I can not paint, I will apprentice myself on a sailing ship. I can no longer stay here, and I will never be a lawyer. If I can not be a painter, I will at least not be a lawyer. I am going to sail away as far as I can go."

And he turned from them both and left the room.

They did not believe him at first, but it was soon proved that young Edouard Manet was in earnest.

"Well, let him go," his father said gloomily. "It will knock painting out of his head, and when he comes back he will settle down. A taste of the seas will do him no harm. Anything is better than this miserable artist notion."

So Monsieur Manet played with his heavy watch chain, and refused to talk with his oldest son any more.

And in this way it came to pass that a certain sailing vessel bound for Rio de Janeiro carried a young French boy in its crew. It was a merchant vessel, the *La Guadaloupe*, and it sailed out to sea with a fine swing of sails carrying the rebellious, would-be painter with it.

There was plenty of hard work now, and little time to think and plan and worry. There came lonely hours under the stars with only the rush of waves and

roar of wind in the rigging to keep the far off boy company.

"I will never never change," thought Edouard Manet then, looking upwards and breathing deep of the salt air. "When my family find that out, they will have to give way. The stars never change, and neither will I."

Nevertheless, the life on the ship was a fine adventure for a growing boy, and Edouard grew brown and strong and happier, in spite of himself. Somehow or other, as things will, the seamen found out that Edouard could paint and draw. He did a sketch or two of some of the crew, brisk, clever and real, too real for them quite to relish it. The captain, especially, was not altogether satisfied by the one of himself, whiskers and knobby nose and all. He had fancied himself more stately, more as a captain should be. He decided that this young seaman must be taken down a bit. Word came by the mate, that if there was an artist on board, there was some elaborate decoration to be done. Poor Edouard spoke up at once, and eager and pleased hastened to the rear deck.

Here were gathered quite a group of laughing seamen forming a bright picture in the gay sunlight.

Edouard's eyes took in the scene with pleasure. The brown faces, and the deep blue southern sea behind. There was a tarpaulin thrown over some objects, and a queer, pungent smell.

"Now," cried the mate with a French bow, "we have here a little fancy job for you, young sir. The paint is here—and here"—the mate with a flourish drew off the tarpaulin—"here is your task!"

On the deck stood five enormous cheeses. They had grown pale with the salt air.

"They have lost their pretty complexions, and I have orders to have them painted the rich and glowing yellow which once they were. The captain says that only an artist can make 'em natural like."

Edouard for a moment felt a flash of disgust and temper, for he realized the joke was on himself and meant to sting. Then all at once it passed, and he laughed a nice, gay, hearty laugh.

"I'll make these cheeses the prettiest cheeses the captain ever carried," he said, and seeing in a distant porthole a familiar pair of whiskers and a knobby nose, he added in a louder and more cheerful tone, "Since the ship can't carry really good cargo, I'll make it look handsome, at least."

From that day on, the young apprentice was a

favorite with the captain. The cheeses were painted a most natural and beautiful yellow, and the crew were lost in as complete admiration, as if the poor young artist had painted a picture.

However, sailing on merchant vessels and painting old cheeses was not what Edouard proposed to do the rest of his days. In spite of the new life, each day his inner desire grew stronger and stronger, and the longing to study art with the entire energy of his being grew more and more intense. He was glad when the prow of the vessel turned again toward France, and its white sails carried him back again across the many miles of water that separated him from his angry family.

At home Madame Manet put new curtains in his bedroom, and rejoiced to think that it would not be long now before her son would be back.

"And he will be entirely ready by now to do as his father wishes," she thought, looking about to see that everything was comfortable. Then a queer expression crossed Madame Manet's face. It was an expression of sudden doubt. "Will he?" she said aloud. "I wonder if he will?"

Edouard's uncle, the colonel, had been enjoying his sketching, but when the sailing reports told of

the return of the vessel, *La Guadeloupe*, he hastily put away and locked in a drawer every sign of paints and brushes.

There was a general air of suspense. Monsieur Manet took on a manner of cheerful welcome and sure conviction that Edouard was returning ready and eager to be a lawyer. A seaman's life, he knew, was not an easy one, and also new scenes and sights would bring new ideas.

"Yes, yes," he said to Edouard's mother. "Why, there is no doubt that all will now go well."

He said it very often indeed, which sometimes means that a person is not quite so sure of a thing as appears.

At last there came an evening when the Manet home was lit brightly, and outside the Spring in Paris was gay and beautiful. Edouard's heart was full at the sight of his own city in its loveliest time of the year, and at the thought of home. But he was rather grave and old for sixteen, as he stood at last before the house where he had fought the first battle of his life.

His mother was delighted to find him brown and well and nearer to being a man. She rushed to him with an eager opening of her arms. Monsieur

Manet, too, eyed him with frank approval, but for some reason or other he stood a little more aloof and played with his watch chain with a certain nervous jerk, not generally noticeable in the magistrate with his son.

"Ha! The voyage has done you good, Edouard," he said in a deep voice. "You are not pale and worn any more, and there is a look of health and vigor about you."

There was a look of determination, too. Not just a boy's hot-headed determination, but one of steady calm. Monsieur Manet's eyes met those of his son in a long, long look, and the older man's finally fell.

"Ha!" he said, and again "Ha!" and stood staring into space.

Perhaps affairs would have stayed in this unspoken condition, but Madame Manet found it unnatural and not to her liking. She did not take out her handkerchief, but she began to wring her hands, and finally burst forth anxiously:

"Edouard, and oh, my husband, what is it? Is it that we are all to be unhappy again? And I have new curtains in Edouard's room, and everything was to be so gay."

Edouard kissed her.

"There is no use, Mamma," he said. "If the curtains are hung for a lawyer, you had better take them down, for a painter is going to live in that room, or if he is not wanted, he will have to go away again."

There was a long silence in the room. A foolish little clock on the mantel chimed out an elaborate quarter past the hour. Outside, Paris made a gay uproar and there was a smell of spring flowers drifting in between the brocade hangings at the windows. It flashed into Edouard's mind how different it all was from those queer, long, busy days on the ocean, with the sound of waves and the smell of salt and tar. He did not feel sad and grave now. He was happy, quite madly happy, because his whole mind was so completely full of the idea of being an artist.

There were to be battles ahead, he knew, and he was right, for Edouard Manet was born for struggles. He was to strike out into new realms of art, and to show that nobody can lay down hard rules for others in either art or life. He was to fight, but he was born for victory, too, and his pictures were to win their place.

EDOUARD MANET'S FIRST VICTORY

The magistrate and his wife looked at their son. They looked silently and did not argue any more, knowing that he had won. For he stood before them as resolute and unchanging as the stars.

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